Per Annos



King's Hall, Compton

1966

Per Annos

June 1966



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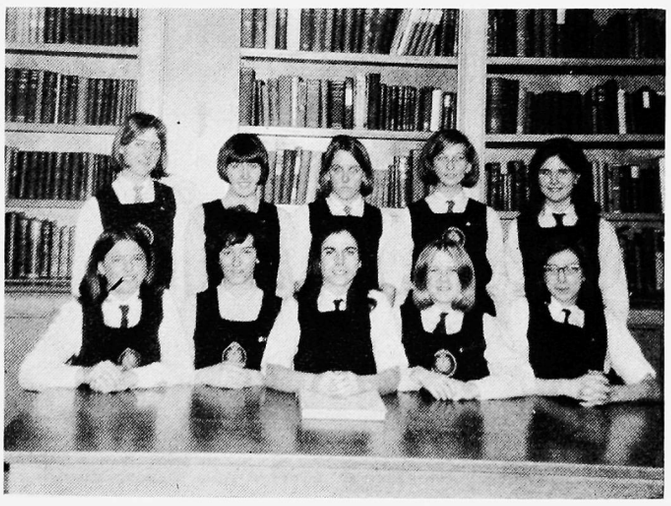
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Editorial

"Smile at us, pay us, pass us, but do not quite forget".

Once again King's Hall has passed through four seasons which have made themselves imperceptibly a part of each of our lives. With each season comes a mood, and with each mood an activity to match it. We have tried to sum up all these aspects of school life in our magazine. It is the symbol of the combined feelings of a hundred and forty-eight girls whose moods were translated into words, art work and photographs, and were finally gathered together by a small group of magazine-minded individuals. The "moods" were paid for by the intense driving of an advertising committee to whom we owe much appreciation. Yet no matter what the tempo of each season of this year — or of any other — the warmth of Tradition shall never cease permeating every eager soul that has become part of this enriching school life.



EDITORIAL STAFF

Left to Right:

Back Row: L. Robinson, M. Stoddard, C. Cook, D. Thompson, N. Rudel.

Front Row: C. Iversen, B. Peck, S. Cadman, M. Nichols, K. Peirce.



Miss Gillard

King's Hall,
May 3rd, 1966.

My Dear Girls:

I am going to begin this letter with the very question which His Excellency, the Governor-General, asked in his last New Year's Day broadcast, which was addressed especially to the Youth of Canada—

What are we doing to earn such blessings as we now enjoy as citizens of this Dominion of Canada? What are we doing to be worthy of such an inheritance? Per capita, Canada is the richest nation in the world. We need to examine ourselves and to face the fact that this affluence carries with it tremendous responsibility.

There are certain fundamental principles of human conduct that do not change through the years; certain basic values that should be ageless; and it is of one of these that I am writing to you today.

The French call it "Noblesse Oblige" which can be translated, "Nobility imposes Obligations." Mr. Churchill, in one of his war-time speeches to the British people, translated it "Great Privilege imposes great Responsibility." We, in Canada, have no aristocracy of Birth, but we should have, in this New Land, an aristocracy of Breeding and Culture, which seems in danger of being lost. Whether it is maintained depends largely on the Sense of Responsibility, the Power of Leadership, and Capacity for Service of Canadians like you. You are the privileged group. In your short lives, not only have you never known what it means to have to worry about food, clothing and warmth; not only have you had a large share of the good things of life, but many of you have never had a real wish ungratified. Do you every think of that? Do you realise that in return for the good things you have received, you must give something back to the world? Or do you just take them as your right and take, and take, without giving?

If girls like you, with your advantages of education and background, do not set the standards, to whom can Canada look for fixed standards? It is you who should maintain standards of Speech, of Manners, of Integrity in Personal and Public life. It is you, the Members of the affluent group, who should encourage a respect for Learning and a respect for the best in Art, Literature and Music. If you are satisfied with the third rate and the shoddy, you, who have had the opportunity of enjoying the best, then there will be no best.

If you do not put first things first, but let money, material pleasures and superficialities become all-important, you will be betraying all that your School has tried to stand for, and the motto "Noblesse Oblige" — Privilege imposes Responsibility — by which you, as Members of the Privileged Group are called upon to live, will be merely an empty and meaningless phrase.

Yours affectionately,

Adelaide Gillard.

In Memoriam

FROM THE 'MEDITATION' GIVEN BY THE REVEREND ALAN REYNOLDS AT THE FUNERAL OF JEAN RAMSAY ON OCTOBER 18, 1965

Death is seldom a blessing, almost always a tragedy, but in circumstances such as the present, when one who is young, able, and dedicated is taken, it seems an unmitigated tragedy.

To many she was the bright and happy, but thoroughly heroic little girl growing up in this congregation and community. To others she was Miss Ramsay or Dean Ramsay, and wherever she went, in Canada and overseas, former students would recognize her and stop to speak to her.

In the circumstances and example of her life and death, there are three things I would point out.

First, when someone we love is taken from us at an early age, or is crippled or maimed or handicapped so that he or she can never develop his or her full potential, we may take one of two attitudes. We may bemoan the shortness of life and curse the fate that so limits us; or we can be grateful for the portion of life and love that is given to us. The former attitude brings resentment and bitterness. The latter a calm and grateful heart.



Jean Ramsay was young in spirit and not old in years. It seems wrong that she was taken when there was so much that she might still have given. It is easy to be conscious only of our loss. But when we stop and think, how grateful we should be to have known and to have shared life with someone like this.

Second, let us be grateful for the example of courage, patience and steadfast goodness we have known in such a person as Jean Ramsay.

Life is an especially difficult struggle for some and must have been so for Jean. Yet she had through it all a triumphant spirit that must have been the result of more courage and patience than most of us will ever know; and instead of rebellion and bitterness, she made the best of it all, and surely we must all admire her for what she was able to achieve and do and become.

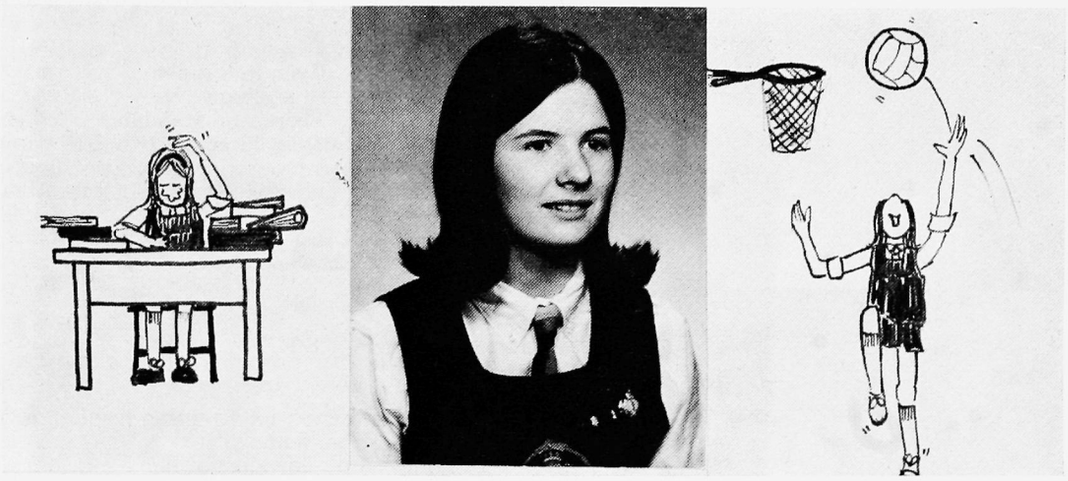
Thirdly, let us remember again that it is not the quantity of life which counts, but the quality of life; not the number of years one lives but the way one lives them. It is surely more important to live a brief but good and happy and useful life than to live many years and be only a drag on the lives of all those with whom we live.

"He liveth long who liveth well,
All else is being flung away,
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day."

Let us take this opportunity to dedicate outselves again to those purposes of life which we know to be right and good. There are some who shine as lights in the world, and when their light goes out, it is laid on us who remain alive on the face of the earth to trim the light we have been given and to hold it high.

The hundreds of King's Hall girls, and Staff, who knew and loved Miss Ramsay, will share in the memories and emotions evoked by this address. The help, the encouragement, the personal interest she gave so generously have helped to influence the character and direct the lives of all who knew her. That 'light' can never be extinguished.

Head Girl



SUSAN FLEMING—"Sue" — Head Girl
Baie, Comeau, Quebec - St. Catharines, Ontario — Montcalm
October 9 — 1963–1966

"Weeping may endure for a night,
but joy cometh in the morning."

Activities:—Form Captain VI B and VI A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Choir; Current Events; Secretary of Red Cross.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Tennis; Badminton; Basketball; Skiing.
Theme Song:—"World of Our Own."
Weakness:—Bearded Wonders.
Pet Aversion:—Being called Susie.

Dear Girls,

It is hard to believe that for some of you it is the end of a first challenging year, for others it is just another year completed, for the thirty-eight Matrics. it is the last of those "glorious school days," and for me it is the finish of a wonderful experience as your Head Girl.

At the beginning of the year the Prefects and I thought that the school spirit had been less than in other years, but as the the term progressed we were proved to be wrong. The overwhelming support and cheers at the soccer games in the fall, your co-operation whenever the Matrics. provided entertainment, and your enthusiasm for the exercise contest during the last eleven days of the second term are all examples of your spirit. Naturally there are times when everything seems to be going the wrong way and we all know that this year has been no exception. As someone has often told me, however, we would not be leading a Christian life if we did not have problems.

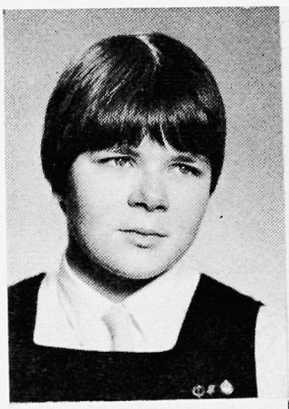
Can you imagine the atmosphere which would prevail through the school if no one was ever naughty, but on the other hand can you imagine what it would be like if everyone was constantly playing in classes or was visiting on the corridor at three in the morning? I think each one of us realizes that the "ups" of life must be intermingled with the "downs." After all, if life were always what you wanted it to be there would be no distinction between good and bad; therefore, the good would not be appreciated. I am sure that when you graduate from King's Hall and look back on your school life here, the times that will prove the most outstanding are those when you were carrying the world on your shoulders.

It has been a great privilege for me to be head of all Houses and especially to be able to participate in the Macdonald and Rideau as well as the Montcalm House meetings and cheers. At first I thought it would be difficult to divide my enthusiasm into three, but I was just as excited when Rideau and Macdonald came first as when Montcalm came first.

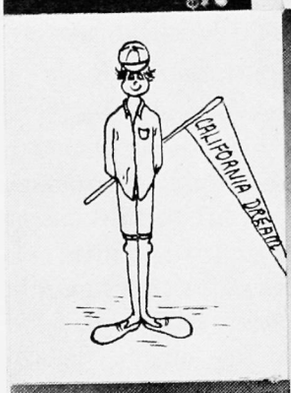
I want to wish each one of you, and above all next year's Matrics. and Prefects the best of luck in your work and duties and remember, "The optimist finds the grin in the grind."

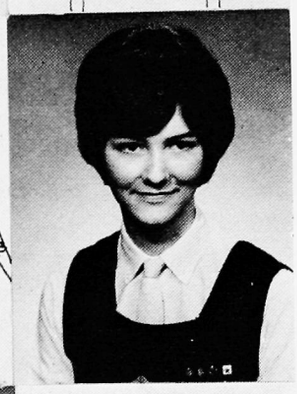
Love,

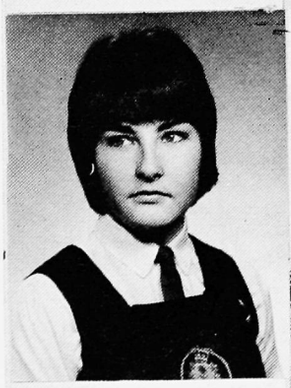
SUE.



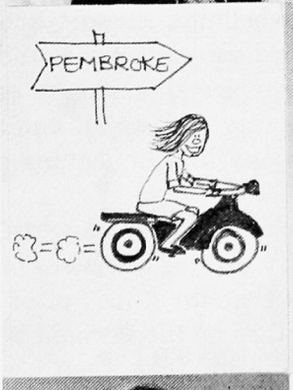


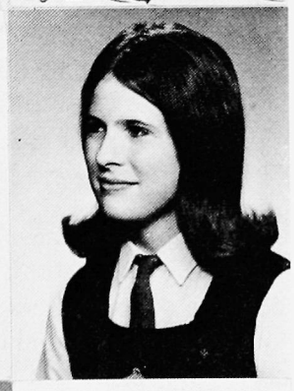


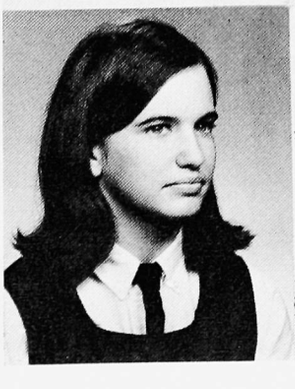


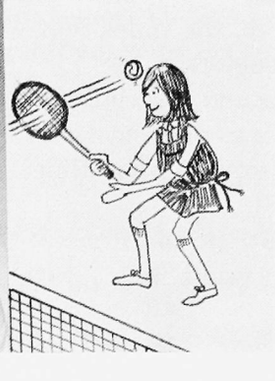












Prefects

SHEILA REID—"Shreid" Head of MacDonald
Westmount, Quebec 1961–1966
August 7

"Join us
Even in a dream;
In a dream
There's no scandal."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Public Speaking.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Basketball; Tennis; Swimming; Skating; Skiing.
Favourite Expression:—"I just don't believe it!"
Pet Aversion:—Neurotic Showers.
Weakness:—Temptation.

BRENDA PECK—"Peckers" "S.F." Prefect on MacDonald
Westmount, Quebec 1962–1966
May 19

"Beyond obedience, its attention fixed on a goal—
freedom from fear.
Beyond fear — openness of life.
And beyond that — Love —"

Activities:—Sports Captain — V A, VI B, VI A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Ski Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Art Editor; Vaulting Club.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Basketball; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating; Swimming; Baseball.
Ambition:—To be a ski bum in Vail, Colorado.
Pet Aversion:—"My dumb room mate."
Prototype:—Jolly Green Giant.

ELIZABETH ANNE PATERSON—"Libby" Head of Montcalm
Canadian Lakehead, Ontario 1962–1966
April 23

"Give me a sense of humour, Lord;
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life,
And pass it on to other folk."

Activities:—Sports Captain V A, VI B, VI A; Literature Club; Ski Club; Dramatics; Choir; Current Events; Public Speaking.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Swimming; Skiing.
Theme Song:—"We're almost There"
Pet Aversion:—Insincerity.
Weakness:—Batman and football players.

STEPHANIE ANN HUTCHINS—"Stephie" Prefect on Montcalm
Montreal, Quebec 1961–1966
April 6

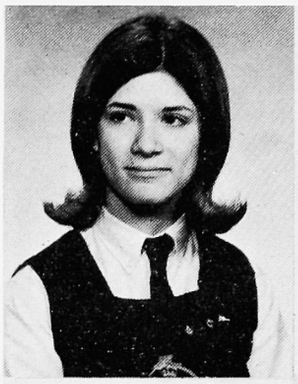
"Pluck the Day's opportunities"

Activities:—Form Captain V B, VI A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Ballroom Dancing.
Sports:—Soccer - House, Form; Volleyball; Swimming; Tennis; Skiing; Skating.
Favourite Expression—"You Guys."
Pet Aversion:—Boys who write letters on pink paper.
Weakness:—Hondas.

NORAH DEANE DOHENY—"Deanie" Head of Rideau
Westmount, Quebec 1961–1966
September 15

"Pray that your loneliness may spur you into finding
something to live for, great enough to die for."

Activities:—Form Captain V A, VI B; Library Committee; Literature Club; Ski Club; Glee Club; Dramatics; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Ballroom and Modern Dancing.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Basketball; Skating.
Favourite Expression:—"We can't **possibly** do that!"
Pet Aversion:—Fire Drills in the middle of the night.
Weakness:—End of term "cider" parties.



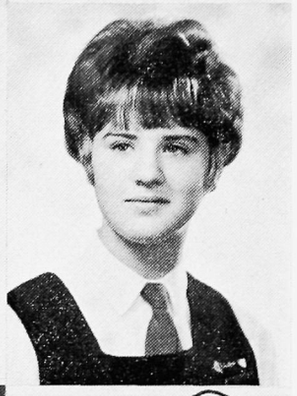


MARGARET CHAPMAN—"Margo" Prefect on Rideau
Toronto, Ontario 1961–1966
November 15

"Engage your mind before you put your mouth in gear."

Activities:—Sports Captain V B, V A, VI B; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Modern Dancing; Current Events.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming; Tennis; Skiing; Skating; Basketball.
Favourite Expression:—"What a skit."
Favourite Pastime:—Riding easy!
Theme Song:—"Theme from a Summer Place."

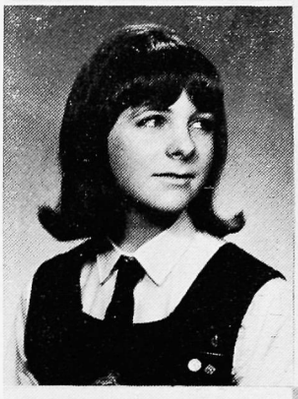




CHRISTINE PRESCOTT—"Chris" Sports Captain
Chambly, Quebec Montcalm
April 28 1962–1966

"Reach high for stars be hidden in your soul;
Dream deep, for every dream precedes the goal."

Activities:—Form Captain VI B, VI A; Literature Club; Magazine Representative V A; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Swimming; Volleyball; Basketball; Skiing.
Theme Song:—"Mr. Tambourine Man."
Ambition:—To write short stories and to speak the Romance languages fluently.
Probable Destination: A second Ann Landers.

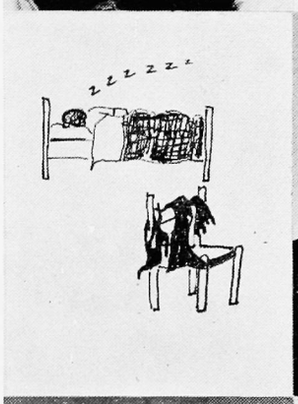




JENNIFER ROBB—"Robb" Sports Captain
Westmount, Quebec Rideau
December 31 1963–1966

"Failure to try is the only failure that is fatal."

Activities:—Form Captain VI A; Sports Captain VI B; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Choir; Junior Red Cross representative to Belleville Conference; Bell Ringer VI A; Current Events.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Basketball; Skiing.
Favourite Pastime:—Picking the nuts out of Chocolate Chips.
Theme Song:—"Stewball."
Pet Aversion:—Insomnia!

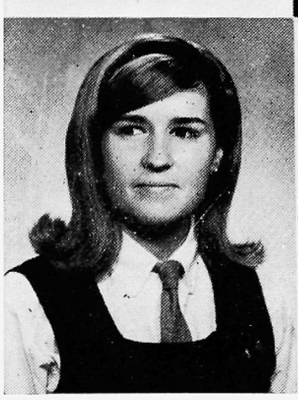


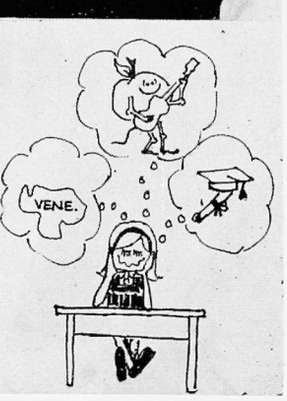


SUSAN JOHNSTON—"Sue, Susie" Residence Captain
Quebec City, Quebec MacDonald
June 11 1962–1966

"I have no yesterdays;
Time took them away;
Tomorrow may not be—
But I have today."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Ballroom Dancing.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Basketball; Skiing.
Favourite Expression:—"How ya' hangin!?"
Theme Song:—"Theme from a Summer Place."
Weakness: B. and ginger.

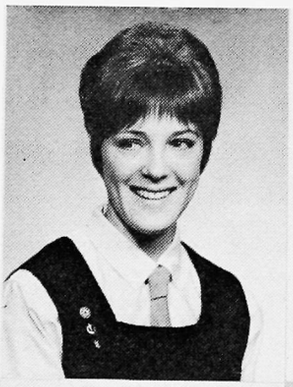




KATHLEEN MACKAY—"Kathy, better known as Mackay" Residence Captain
Caracas, Venezuela, S.A. Montcalm
November 11 1959–1966

"Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight
Holy thoughts that star the night."

Activities:—Form Captain—IV B, IV A, V B, V A, VI B; Sports Captain IV B, IV A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club; Public Speaking; Cottage Prefect.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating; Cheer-leading; Baseball.
Favourite Pastime:—Wasting My Time with the Don'ts in Chez.
Pet Aversion:—My un-coordinated roomate!
Weakness:—California Colleges.





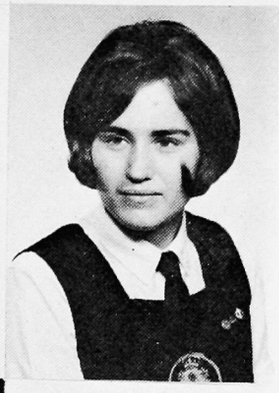
Matric Sports Captain

GRETCHEN GUERNEY—"Gretch" — Matric. Sports Captain
Gananoque, Ontario — MacDonald
June 9 — 1962–1966

"Storms make oaks take deeper root."

Activities:—Sports Captain V A, VI B, VI A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Dancing; Vaulting Club; Public Speaking.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Badminton; Baseball.
Theme Song:—"What's New, Pussy Cat?"
Pet Aversion:—Punctuality.
Weakness:—Big Blue Eyes.





VIRGINIA PARKE—"Ginny" — Matric Sports Captain
Dundas, Ontario — Rideau
February 27 — 1961–1966

"He started to sing when he tackled the thing
that couldn't be done and he did it!"

Activities:—Sports Captain VI B; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Skiing; Skating; Basketball; Cheer-leading.
Favroutie Expression:—"Oh! Tonight's the night."
Theme Song:—"Sounds of Silence."
Pet Aversion:—People who call me Jan.

Matrics





SUZANNE ABOUD—"Booze" — Rideau
Town of Mount Royal, Quebec — 1961–1966
April 4

"Success is to be measured not so much by the position
that one has reached in life, as by the obstacles
which he has overcome while trying to succeed."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Modern Dancing.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Basketball; Tennis; Swimming; Skiing.
Favourite Pastime:—Hysterics in Friday afternoon Latin Class.
Theme Song:—"We've got to get out of this place."
Prototype:—Caboose.

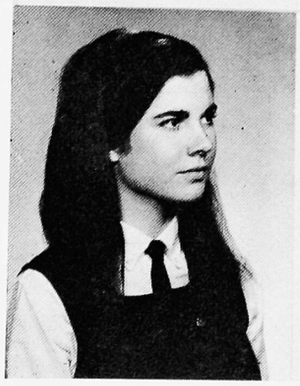




JUDITH BONNAR—"Boner" — MacDonald
Westmount, Quebec — 1963–1966
October 15

"Promises and pie-crust are made to be broken."

Activites:—Form Captain VI B; Library Committee; Literature Club; Ski Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Modern Dancing; Public Speaking.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Basketball; Tennis; Skiing; Skating; Swimming.
Theme Song:—"Blue Mary."
Weakness:—The social page of The Gazette.
Ambition:—To be a registered nurse.

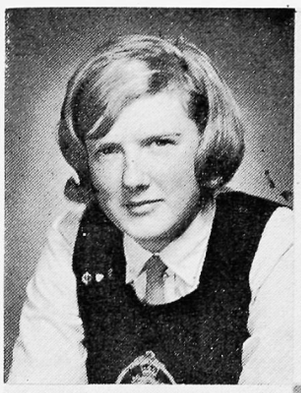


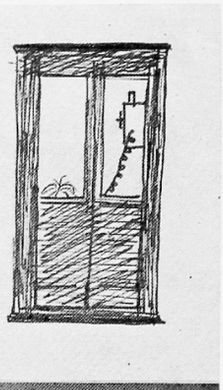


SUSAN CADMAN—"Cads, Birdman" — Rideau
Westmount, Quebec — 1964–1966
August 16

"What is this life if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?"

Activities:—Form Captain VI A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - School; Swimming; Tennis; Skiing; Skating.
Favourite Expression:—"Frustrated, Anticipated, Emancipated."
Favourite Pastime:—Writing poetry in the dark.
Weakness:—Thd Caribbean.

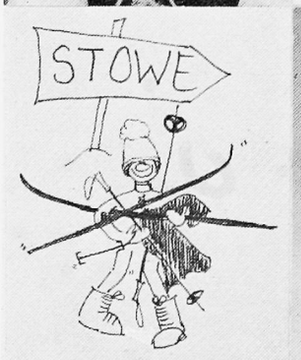




ANNE CARRE—"A.M.R.O.B." MacDonald
Ottawa, Ontario 1962–1966
March 5

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Glee Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Modern Dancing.
Sports:—Volleyball - School; Soccer; Basketball; Tennis; Swimming; Skiing; Cheer-leader.
Favourite Expression:— 'Don't have a bird! A Cow!"
Pet Aversion:—People who say, "Security is having naturally curly hair."
Weakness:—I'll never tell!

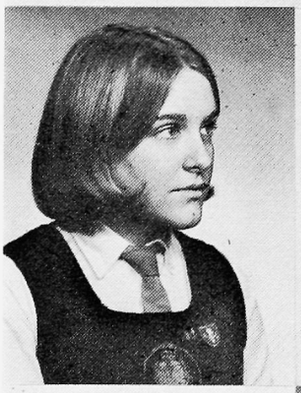


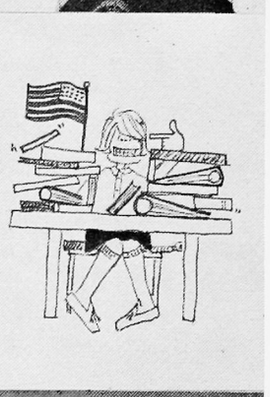


JEANIE CLARKE—"Clarke" MacDonald
Stowe, Vermont, U.S.A. 1963–1966

"Men in general judge more from appearances than reality.
All men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Basketball; Skiing.
Favourite Expression:—"Hey Babes."
Theme Song:—"Coeur Blesse."
Weakness:—College Weekends in Stowe.



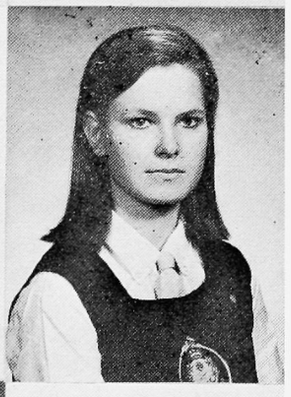


CATHY COOK—"Cookie" MacDonald
Washington, D.C., U.S.A. 1961–1966
January 4

"It is better to light one candle than curse the darkness."

Activities:—Form Captain V A; Literature Club; Ski Club; Dramatics; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee; Candy Cupboard Keeper; Vaulting Club.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball; Swimming; Tennis; Skiing; Skating.
Favourite Expression:—"There will be **no** more B.C.S. phone calles. . . (pneu)
Favourite Pastime:—Throwing stuff out of Ivy's window.
Pet Aversion:—Getting wool on my braces.

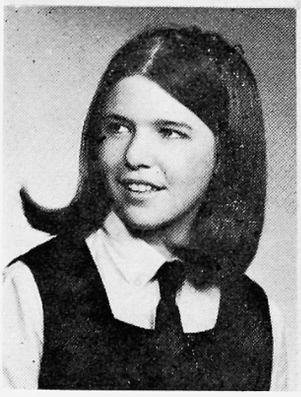


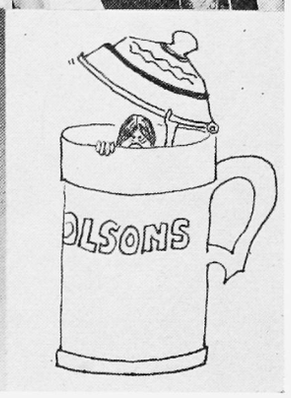


CAROL FINLAYSON—"Fin" MacDonald
Rawdon, Quebec 1962–1966
May 13

"Music is the only language in which you cannot say
a mean or sarcastic thing."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Cheer-leader.
Sports:—Soccer, Swimming; Tennis.
Favourite Pastime:—Putting for pennies.
Theme Song:—King O' The Road.
Weakness:—The Club (50).





CHRISTINE IVERSEN—"Ivy" Rideau
Hampstead, Quebec 1963–1966
September 29

"It is only with the heart that one can see rightly;
What is essential is invisible to the eye.

Activities:—Literature Club; Ski Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee; Bell Ringer VI A.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Tennis; Skiing; Swimming; Baseball.
Pet Aversion:—People who throw things out my window!
Ambition:—To ski around the world.
Probable Destination:—St. Sauveur!

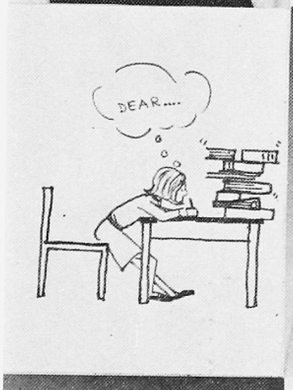


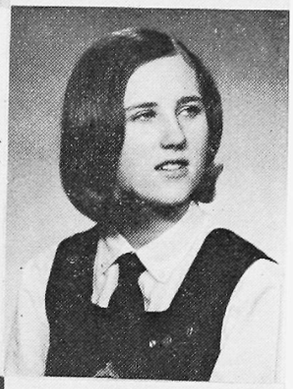


ELIZABETH JONES—"Liz" MacDonald
New Jersey, U.S.A. 1963–1966
February 18

"Life is a series of surprises and would not be worth taking or keeping if it were not."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Dancing; Cheer-leading.
Sports:—Soccer; Volleyball; Basketball; Tennis; Badminton; Swimming; Skiing; Skating; Baseball.
Favourite Expression:—"Ya know."
Theme Song:—Lover's Concerto.
Weakness:—Dark blue Stingrays.

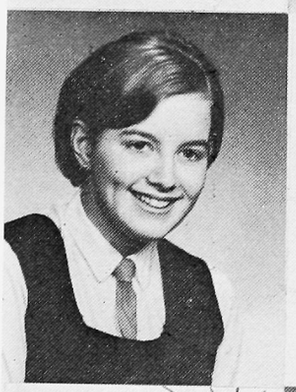


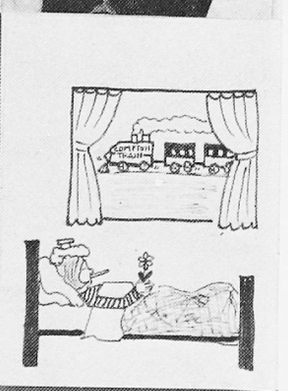


JULIE KENNY—"Juls" Rideau
Rockcliffe, Ontario 1962–1966
October 4

"We each contain the ingredients for our own fulfilment and wholeness and the recognition of this possibility leads to happiness."

Activities:—Library Committee; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Cheer-leader.
Sports:—Swimming; Tennis; Skiing; Skating; Baseball.
Favourite Pastime:—Thinking about everything in general and Him in particular.
Pet Aversion:—People who brag about never having had an ordermark.
Weakness:—Rhett Butler and chocolates.

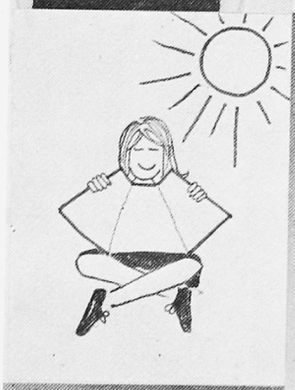


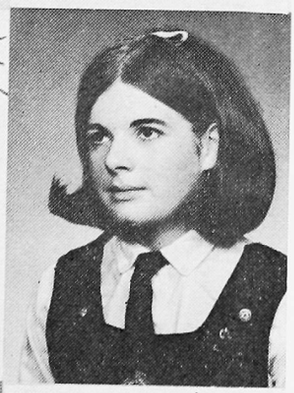


LOUISE MCFARLANE—"Censored" Montcalm
Westmount, Quebec 1963–1966
May 22

"Just for today I will be unafraid. Especially I will not be afraid to enjoy what is beautiful and to believe as I give to the world, so the world will give to me."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Poetry Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.
Sports:—Soccer; Volleyball; Swimming; Tennis; Skiing; Skating.
Pet Aversion:—People who borrow my money.
Ambition:—To marry a millionaire.
Probable Destination:—Burning old money for the Government.



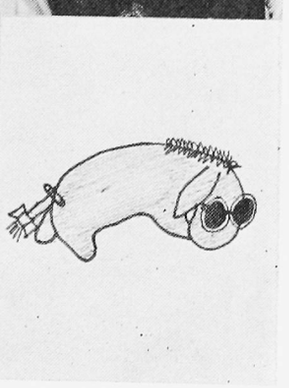


JANE MASSEY—"Mass"
Ottawa, Ontario Rideau
August 23 1963–1966

"Come live in my heart, and pay no rent."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Cheer-leading.
Sports:—Soccer; Volleyball; Basketball; Tennis; Swimming; Skiing.
Favourite Expression:—"Divine!"
Pet Aversion:—Not to be able to drink coffee with my elbows on the table.
Weakness:—Clothes.

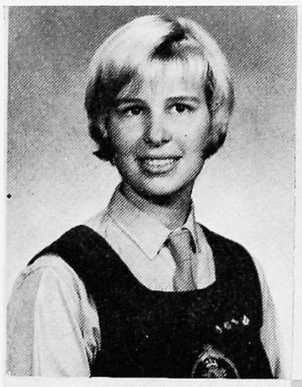




PATRICIA ANN MORGAN—"Pam"
Montreal, Quebec Montcalm
June 18 1961–1966

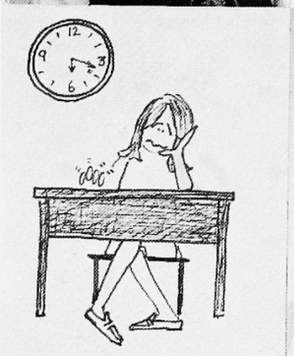
"I am a bear of Very Little Brain and long words bother me."

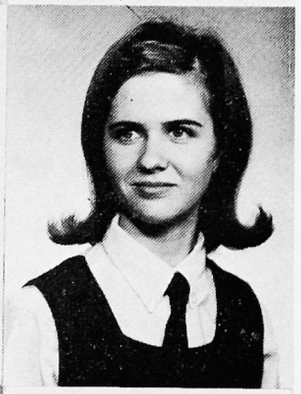
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.
Sports:—Soccer; Volleyball; Swimming - House; Skating.
Theme Song:—Sonata Quasi Una Fantasia.
Pet Aversion:—Pamella, Pamela, Pennalope, Priscilla, ah, um PAM!



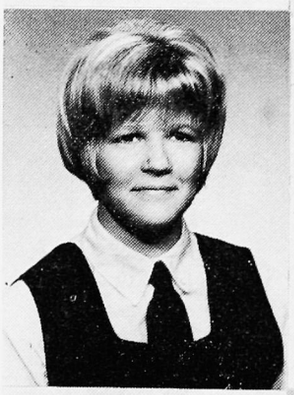


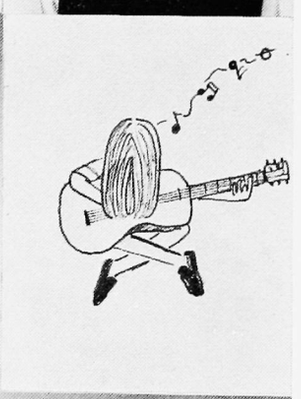
LOUISE MUNDY—"Weasie" MacDonald
Ottawa, Ontario 1962–1966
January 10
"We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars."
Activities:—Form Captain VI B; Library Committee; Literature Club; Glee Club; Choir; Crucifer; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Modern Dancing; Cheer-leader.
Sports:—Soccer - Form; Volleyball - Form; Swimming - House; Basketball; Skiing; Baseball.
Favourite Expression:—"Awe, stop giving me so much cap!"
Pet Aversion:—People who burp, especially in chorus.
Weakness:—Going through nylons.





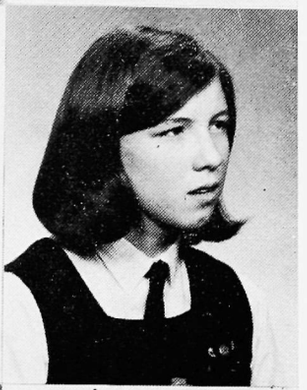
VICTORIA NELSON—"Vicki" Rideau
Ottawa, Ontario 1964–1966
October 13
"Give the best you have received from the past to the best
that you may come to know in the future."
Activities:—Sports Captain VI A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Head of Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Representative VI A.
Sports:—Soccer, Volleyball; Swimming; Tennis; Skiing; Skating.
Favourite Pastime:—Passing time . . . (where?) Guess!!!
Theme Song:—"Dear Heart."
Pet Aversion:—People who rib me about my accent or who think I'm English.



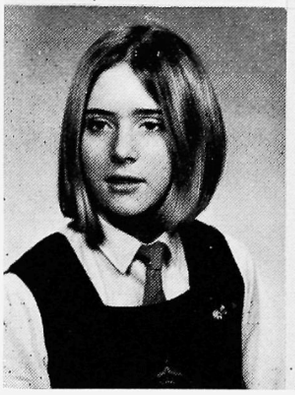


MARILYN VICTORIA NICHOLS—"Tory" Rideau
Calgary, Alberta 1962–1966
April 10
"She walks alone through cloud of fantasy
Dreaming of the day when she too might float."
Activities:—Library Committee; Ski Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Choir; Current Events; Modern Dancing; Magazine Committee; Vaulting Club; Music.
Sports:—Soccer (Captain of School team); Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing.
Favourite Pastime:—Living in my Dream World.
Theme Song:—"What will this day be like . . . I wonder
What will my future be . . . I wonder."
Ambition:—Commercial Artist.



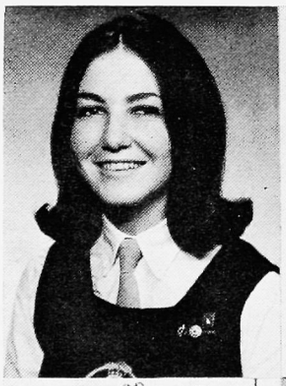


KAREN LOUISE PEIRCE—"Peirce" Rideau
Stanstead, Quebec 1964–1966
April 13
"I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke and found that life was Duty."
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Choir; Music Appreciation; Junior Red Cross; Matric. Magazine Representative.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - Form; Swimming; Basketball; Badminton; Skiing; Cheer-leading.
Favourite Pastime:—Skiing backwards — on the ski tow!
Theme Song:—"Good-morning, fellow campers."
Pet Aversion:—"You wouldn't understand."





LYNN ROBINSON—"Lyn-Pyn" MacDonald
Rawdon, Quebec 1963–1966
November 6
"The measure of a man's character is what he would do
if knew he would never be caught."
Activities:—Literature Club; Sports Captain VI A; Ski Club; Choir; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Basketball; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Swimming.
Theme Song:—"What kind of a Fool am I."
Pet Aversion:—Sealing envelopes.
Weakness:—Forgetfulness.

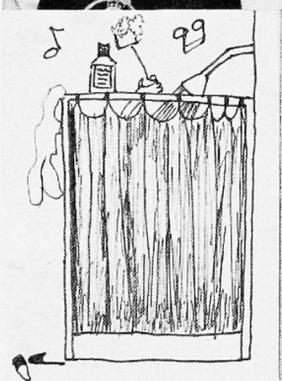




YVONNE RODE—"Yvo" Montcalm
Barranquilla, Colombia 1964–1966
September 1

"We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing,
while others judge us by what we have already done."

Activities:—Form Captain VI A; Literature Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.
Sports:—Volleyball - School; Badminton; Swimming; Baseball.
Theme Song:—La Negra Celina.
Pet Aversion:—Banging my head on the bunk bed.
Prototype:—Rudolph (T.R.N.R.D.)

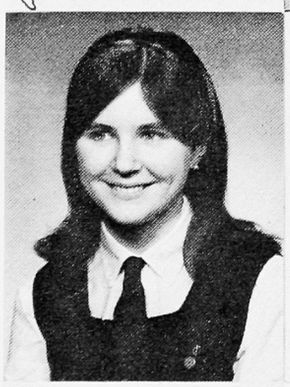


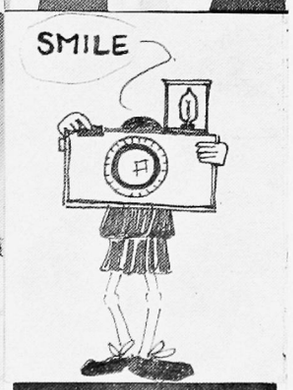


VICTORIA ROEKE—"Vicky" Montcalm
Victoria, B.C. 1961–1966
October 5

"The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide."

Activities:—Literature Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Ballroom Dancing; Public Speaking.
Sports:—Soccer - Form; Volleyball - Form; Basketball; Tennis; Baseball; Skating.
Favourite Pastime:—Reading.
Weakness:—Tall, dark and handsome.
Ambition:—None.





NAN RUDEL—"Ruds" Rideau
Montreal, Quebec 1962–1966
November 20

"Let me read with open eyes the book my days are writing —
and learn."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Ski Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Magazine Committee.
Sports:—Soccer; Volleyball; Tennis; Badminton; Basketball; Skiing.
Theme Song:—"Bob Dylan's 115th Dream."
Prototype:—Heidi.
Ambition:—To buy Bob, the night watchman, some Hushpuppies!



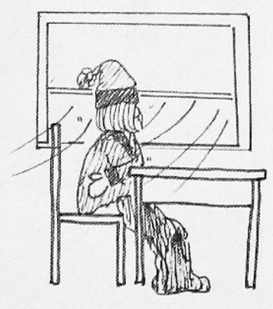


GAIL RUSSEL—"Russ" MacDonald
Montreal, Quebec 1961–1966
October 21

Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Dancing.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball; Basketball; Swimming; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing.
Theme Song:—"Food — Glorious Food."
Pet Aversion:—"Birds."
Ambition:—To be organized.

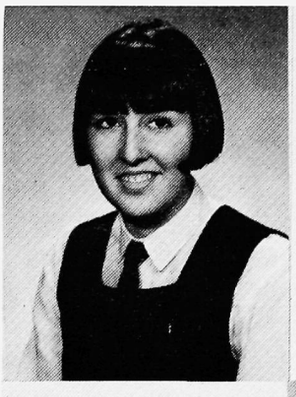




SYLVIA SOLER—"Seeelvia"
San Salvador, El Salvador MacDonald
April 12 1963–1966

"Some people have a perfect genius for doing nothing,
and doing it assiduously."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Modern Dancing.
Sports:—Soccer; Volleyball; Basketball; Swimming; Tennis; Skiing.
Favourite Expression:—"Qué Pasa?"
Favourite Pastime:—Coming back to school late.
Pet Aversion:—People who open windows.

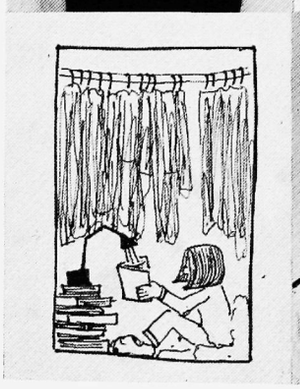


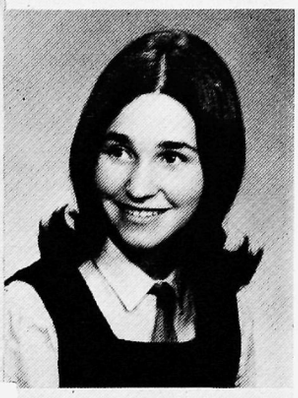


MARGARET STODDARD—"Maggie, Margie" Montcalm
North Hatley, Quebec 1963–1966
June 27

"When wealth is lost, nothing is lost;
When health is lost, something is lost;
When character is lost; all is lost."

Activities:—Library Committee - Head; Literature Club; Dramatics; Current Events; Junior Red Cross ; Magazine Committee; Cheer-leader.
Sports:—Soccer; Volleyball; Swimming; Tennis; Skating.
Theme Song:—"Stranger on the Shore."
Pet Aversion:—Bunsen burners and batteries.
Prototype:—Susan Spotless.





KAY WILSON—"Wils" MacDonald
Toronto, Ontario 1962–1966
October 16

"Rather to excite your judgment briefly
than to inform it tediously."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club; Cheer-leading.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball; Skiing.
Favourite Pastime:—Drawing Cartoons.
Weakness:—Drawing cartoons.
Prototype:—Pluto.



ROSLYN LUKE—"Ros" Montcalm
Como, Quebec 1964–1965
June 2

"Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve."

Activities:—Literature Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.
Sports:—Soccer; Volleyball - House; Basketball.
Favourite Expression:—"I'm sorry I'm not perfect!"
Favourite Pastime:—Dieting
Ambition:—To be a model.

From the Book.

"MR. JONES MEET THE MASTER"

by Peter Marshall

There is beauty in homely things
Which many people have never seen.
For instance, do you know
Sunlight through a jar of peach-plum jelly;
A rainbow in soapsuds in dishwater;
An egg yolk in a blue bowl,
White ruffled curtains sifting moonlight,
The colour of cranberry glass,
A little cottage with blue shutters;
Crimson roses in an old stone crock;
The smell of newly baked bread;
Candlelight on old brass;
The soft brown of a cocker's eyes?

LETTER TO A MOTHER.

ANNIVERSARY

Mademoiselle Cailteux

Mademoiselle enseigne au King's Hall depuis vingt-cinq ans. Pendant ces vingt-cinq années elle a contribué largement à l'avancement de l'école, elles est aussi la grande responsable pour les succès des "Matrics." en français. Elle est toujours prête à nous aider, même pendant ses périodes libres. Son entrain et sa joie de vivre ont toujours rendu ses classes amusantes et très intéressantes. Toutes les élèves veulent la remercier pour son dévouement et sa gentillesse envers nous.

KAY WILSON, Matric.

VALETE

Mrs. Welter Wright will be remembered by many Comptonites as the cheerful "tyrant" at the Cottage. Last summer she decided to return to England and we were sorry to see her go. Circumstances have brought her back to Canada and she is enjoying life at North Hatley. The good wishes of all who knew her are extended by Per Annos.

Miss Braddick was always on the go within the walls of King's Hall. Her boundless energy and enthusiasm inspired many a sluggard to greater activity both in and out of the Gym. These energies are now being directed for the benefit of certain residents of Latin America — in Maracaibo. We wish Miss Braddick success in her new work — but please — no revolutions.

Mrs. Clifton departed from Compton's classrooms at Christmas, 1964. In March 1965, B.C.S. enjoyed a half-holiday to celebrate Nicholas' arrival — we feel that the holiday should have been ours. We missed her breezy contribution to life at K.H.C. but realize that her present occupation is just as important to Canada's future as the interest she stirred in the minds of Geography students. Best wishes for the future to the Cliftons.

The gap created by her departure was ably filled by Miss Horsfall. We enjoyed her short stay at K.H.C. and wished that it might have been longer. Our good wishes go with her.

Mrs. D. Rector of Vancouver is better known to recent inhabitants of Compton as Miss Oomen. We will long remember the speed with which she covered the corridors of K.H.C. and her great interest and skill in all sports. We hear that she is doing some teaching, so apparently her work here did not destroy her enthusiasm for her profession. We wish her happiness in whatever parts of the world she will be calling home in the years to come.

Mlle Gauthier's second "tour of duty" at K.H.C. was all too brief. She inspired many would-be cooks and couturieres to develop their hidden talents. We can imagine the success she is having as she demonstrates, and organizes sales promotion, for a leading sewing machine company. Her energies must surely find outlet in the large territory she covers. Bonne Chance!

Miss May and Fresco have gone from the Cottage, the halls and the Art Studio. Their presence is missed by all. We hope that Miss May is enjoying her work in an Ottawa Art Gallery. She plans to return to teaching art in September.

Miss Gillmeister has been busy as a Lab Technician at the Royal Victoria Hospital and enjoying her work. Her plans include marriage in the not too distant future and all Comptonites wish her happiness.

Mlle Daillier has returned to la belle France after making her contribution to improved bilingualism at K.H.C. She is continuing her studies at the Sorbonne and we wish her every success.

We have been fortunate in adding to the Staff able replacements for the above. They have settled into life at K.H.C. and we hope they are enjoying their work. Mrs. Lewes, Miss Loader, Miss Coleman Miss Hoult, Mlle Lecours, Miss Morton, Mrs. Jervis Read and Mrs. Cutting.

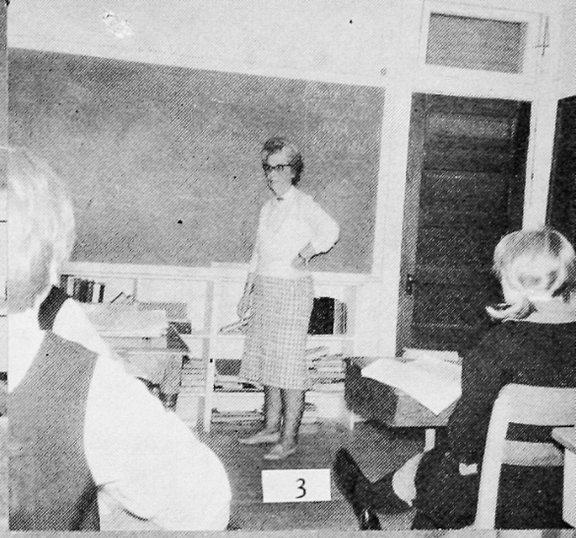
PICTURE CREDITS

PHOTOGRAPHER

1. Une place pour chaque chose et chaque chose à sa place! *K. Oughtred*
2. What do you mean you can't find trinitrotoluyere in the dictionary! *G. Russel*
3. I'd rather fight than switch. *K. Oughtred*
4. Einstein would approach this. *J. Meagher*
5. Would you believe - - - ? *B. Lee*
6. Charge! *M. Jervis-Read*
7. And now for the entrée we are having roasted. *G. Parke*
8. One more time and then we'll cut it. *S. Butterworth*
9. Artists of the world unite! *K. Winser*
10. What a day for a day dream! *M. Jervis-Read*
11. Zack! Batman! *K. Oughtred*
12. Clearisal personality of the month. *J. Meagher*
13. The following will go to Saturday work ... *K. Winser*


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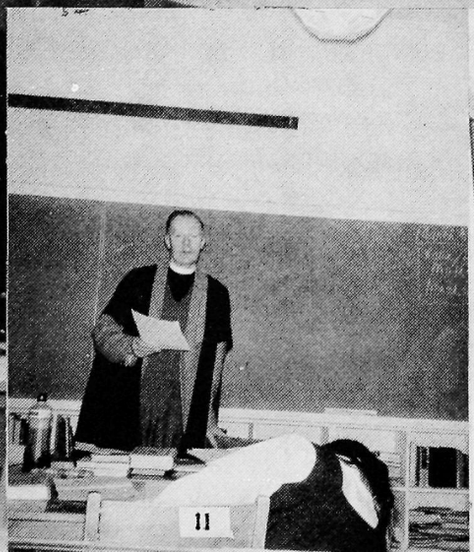

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13

PER ANNUM 1965-1966

SEPTEMBER

School Opened 9
Initiation of New Girls 11
Appointment of Prefects 14
Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Tests 23
Matric. Dance at B.C.S. 25

OCTOBER

Thanksgiving Week-end 9-11
Concert at Bishop's University 18
Soccer game at K.H.C. against Lennoxville High School 19
Soccer game at Bishop's University 20
Soccer game at K.H.C. against Lennoxville High School 21
Volleyball game at Sherbrooke High School 23
Soccer game at Lennoxville High School 25

NOVEMBER

Hallowe'en supper and party 5
VI A, Matric. dance at Stanstead 6
Choir sang at Stanstead 7
Tea Dance at B.C.S. 13
Talk and Slides by Miss Hazel and Miss Sales. 14
Ballet at Sherbrooke University 20
Concert at Bishop's University 26
St. Francis and Massawippi Bird Club Film and Talk 27

DECEMBER

Miss Gillard's Birthday 4
College Boards at B.C.S. 4
Christmas Exams started 4
Matric. Exams started 6
Christmas Carol Service 14
Home for Christmas Holidays 16

JANUARY

School Re-opened 11
Skiing began at Hillcrest 17
Public Speaking Competition 21-22
VI A, Matric. Carnival at B.C.S. 29

FEBRUARY

Play at B.C.S. 12
Compton Formal 19
VI A, Matric. Carnival at Stanstead 26

MARCH

College Boards at B.C.S. 5
Play at Bishop's University 5
End of Term Competition 13
Choir sang at Lennoxville 20
V A Talent Contest 20
Home for Easter Holidays 25

APRIL

School Re-opened 12
Science Fair at Sherbrooke University 16
University Alumni Singers 16
Third Term Competition 17
Sugaring-off party at Mr. Johann's 21
Play at B.C.S. 22
Red Cross Sunday 24
Matric. Exams begin 27
Invitation Dance at B.C.S. 29

MAY

Confirmation 14

JUNE

Closing Church Service 2
School Closing 3
McGill Exams begin 14
McGill Exams end 27



Dear Prodigies, (or is it "Prodigals"?)

There's a word synonymous with you that we've been trying to find the meaning of for ages. We turned, naturally, to a dictionary for a nice simple meaning. Well, there were thirteen "nice simple meanings." We were told that if you put "blue" after the word you would have an aniline blue not soluble in alcohol. We know you're never "blue" (!) and we don't think you're soluble in alcohol. So the dictionary failed us, but we weren't really too surprised that we could not define this word since it applies to you. You ARE this word and you are pretty indescribable!

Now we'd like to try to tell you how much we've loved being your House Heads. You cannot imagine the agonies we went through trying to think up different ways of telling you we came first (when we did), but the looks on your faces were worth all the effort.

Best of luck to you all next year, but especially to the Prefects. We hope they will manage to survive every chaotic moment.

Stay fast and sharp!

Love,

Sheila and Brenda.

P.S. — We're sure you know this word as well as we do. It's Spirit. Keep what you have; it's great!



House Letter

Dear Montcalmites,

Would you believe we felt as if we were going in for a rendez-vous with T.H.R.U.S.H. when we had our first House meeting? As it turned out, though, we were really in U.N.C.L.E. headquarters with the most fantastic group of "get smart" agents in the whole school. Whenever there were any efforts to knock down our organization we just rallied together that good old Montcalm supersonic spirit and soared upwards out of sight on the charts. As for sports — we were really surprised and pleased 'cuz we really have improved. Keep going — and remember when you talk about Montcalm you are talking about yourself.

We have had so much enjoyment out of being your Heads this year, and shall never forget you. Best wishes to next year's Prefects! You are getting some fantastic kids to work with.

Love,

Napoleon (Libby), Illya (Steph.) and the Great Waheeny (Louis-Joseph).



"Lab Report"

Purpose:—To show that Rideau's The Greatest!

Method:

(1) Take 49 well-coordinated kids

(2) Add test tube of pluses

(3) Add minuses freely until reaction begins

(4) Collect in Matric. Small Form Room

(5) (Take care; reaction may be explosive)

(6) For period of one week keep under surveillance. Results may be observed on Saturday mornings

Observations:—

(1) When together in Matric. Small Form Room, sparks of enthusiasm explode

(2) Showed great ability and excelled in sports

(3) Within the week of surveillance the following traits could be noticed:

(a) Great tendency to talk and laugh, showing high spirit

(b) Magnetic attraction to minuses rather than pluses

Conclusion:—Rideau's the Greatest!

Dear Rideauites,

Here's the conclusion to a terrific year; even though we couldn't bring Vip and Joe in every week you had the spirit which made up for it. In sports all you athletes were tremendous! So, best of luck to next year's Prefects and to you all.

Love,

DEANIE, MARGO, VIP and JOE.

The Forms

MATRIC. LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

Suzie Aboud — her "supply" to Mr. Roberts.
Judy Bonnar — the social page to Jennifer Byers.
Susan Cadman — the Matric. "jumper" to next year's Matrics.
Anne Carre — her place in the telephone line to Susie Clarke.
Margo Chapman — her dimples to Jerry.
Jeanie Clarke — her hips to Margo McGee.
Cathy Cook — her aversion to B.C.S. to Di Sockett.
Norah Doheny — her disorganization to Barb Campbell.
Carol Finlayson — her shortness to a tall '67 Matric.
Susan Flemming — her red cheeks to anyone who wants to stay out of the infirmary.
Gretchen Gurney — her playing cards to Miss MacLennan.
Stephanie Hutchins — her permanent to Sheena Myers.
Chris Iversen — her B - - - Mug to Cindy Morton.
Susan Johnston — "Bonhomme Carnaval" to Raquel Shalom.
Liz Jones — her last name to the Smiths.
Julie Kenny — her ability to be late to anyone who wishes to win a popularity contest with the Staff.
Louise McFarlane — her nickname to anyone with an acute case of the "cold in the nose."
Kathy Mackay — her tambourine to anyone of the Spanish carollers who is a "Stones" fan.
Jane Massey — her nails to Cindy Morton.
Pam Morgan — her Latin notes to Pauline.
Louise Mundy — her anaemic complexion to Jarmaine Smith.
Vicki Nelson — her inability to swallow pills to anyone of Mrs. Bagley's favourite patients.
Tory Nichols — her guitar to Miss Bennett.
Libby Paterson — her ability to commit blunders to those who seek a true friend.
Jinnie Parke — the second half of her tooth to the King's Hall pool.
Brenda Peck — her "John Lennon" hat to Barb Carnon.
Karen Peirce — her legs to Linda MacTier.
Chris Prescott — her ski poles to Margo Griffen.
Sheila Reid — her hair cutting scissors to Miss Keyzer.
Jenny Robb — her freckles to Pam Grey.
Lynne Robinson — her ability to comprehend Algebra to Kathy Solandt.
Vicki Rorke — her ideal height to anyone who is too poor to pay full fare on the ski tow.
Nan Rudel — her Choate Teddy Bear to Norah Cook.
Yvonne Rode — her stuffed snakes to Kathy Winser.
Gail Russel — her lateness for breakfast to Miss Keyzer.
Sylvia Soler — her false bangs to Jane Bowen.
Margie Stoddard — her North Hatley leaves to all South Americans.
Kay Wilson — her "klunk" to Miss Stickney.
Roslyn Luke — her hair to Sheena Myers.

VI A FORM REPORT

The VI A Form of 1965-66 contains thirty-nine girls whose homes range from Frobisher Bay to Colombia, South America. For lessons, the class is divided into VI A Large and VI A Small, but in spite of this division we do all our activities together. We have good Form spirit and a great group of "kids." There were only three new "inmates" who had to conform (or be miserable) to our Class's strange ways — for instance to our monthly "Bear Hunts" which take us miles into the bog and "thick jungle" (behind Windy).

After the first big snowfall our whole Form made a huge snowman, at least twelve feet tall, and decorated it with all the kitchen articles we could find. Unfortunately there was a thaw a week later and we sadly watched our masterpiece melt away into a puddle (and the kitchen articles!)

The skiing this year was quite good; all enjoyed it except for the few who had mishaps, and whose bodies were wrapped around trees. The result was one broken leg and one operation. Our classroom looked for a time like a hospital ward with antique wheelchairs, crutches, and casts. We did plan a ski hike, but puddles and patches of mud made us cancel it three times. Before the year is out we are determined to have our hike — skis or no skis.

This year as always VI A did the decorations for the lounge at Christmas. These were colourful and gay. We also decorated the gym. and lounge for the "Formal," our theme being "Night Clubs-a-go-go." The gym. glowed with neon lights and "Go-go" girls.

We did do some serious work in addition to all the fun. The Public Speaking contest kept many VI A's busy for several weeks preparing speeches which ranged from discussions of morals to famous

people. As another example of our "Talent" we won the skits at Hallowe'en, each person getting as prize "a whole orange." Shortly before Easter we put on "Riders to the Sea," which was enthusiastically received by the school. We can only hope that it will be as well received at the inter-school competition to be held at B.C.S. early in May. We are also practising a modern jazz dance which we hope to give at the "Gym. Dem" in June.

Like all the other Forms at King's Hall we are members of the Junior Red Cross and have been busy completing articles for Red Cross Sunday. In most desks one can find a ball of wool and needles. Our raffle earlier in the year earned forty dollars for the Red Cross.

We are sorry that some of our Form are leaving this year, three, for example, are planning to go to Europe. Have fun, and learn to speak French fluently!

We all want to thank Miss Morris for helping to make this year such a stimulating one. If the next is as happy we shall all be looking forward to it — after the **long** summer holiday. We have had such a great year with such a "fantastic" group of "kids" that we wish we were sixty-nine girls instead of thirty-nine.

Love, Luck and laughter.

The Year's Form Captains

Betsy Andras
Margot Magee
Robin Marshall
Karen Westhoff
Ginny Call
Mary Sue Philpott

The Year's Sports Captains

Nancy Keyes
Margi Paterson
Cindy Morton

VI B FORM REPORT

The VI B's had returned, with rooms in "Sleepy Hollow" and on the corridor. The twelve new girls became acquainted with the King's Hall life. Within the first week B. J. Kirby and Nora Cook were elected Form and Sports Captains. Franny Sawdon and Kathy Winser took on the responsibility of Red Cross representatives, organizing drives and raffles to take place throughout the year, while Norah Carter was chosen to voice VI B's opinions on the School Magazine Committee.

VI B participation was great at Junior Soccer tryouts and many **made** the team.

Early in November, VI B spirit was again displayed by organizing and leading House Walks.

When Christmas arrived Miss Wheatley helped us put on a Choral Reading of the "Journey of the Magi," by T. S. Eliot, for the whole school. To end the term we held a Christmas Form party with everything from a Santa in the chimney (Franny Sawdon) to a four layer ice-cream cake. Every girl received a stocking, amusingly presented by Santa. The big surprise of the evening was a huge box given to Miss Bennett containing a gift certificate from her Form.

The second term began with the election of Kathy Harpur and Kathy Oughtred as Form and Sports Captains. . . the term was underway, though we all regret having lost Susie Caridi to her fiancé and we wish her the best of luck and happiness in the future.

Skiers from VI B were given the opportunity to practice, by weekly trips to nearby Hillcrest. Many members of our class even joined the K.H.C. Skiing Club.

In Current Events Miss Loader was a special guest, giving us first rate information on the crisis in Rhodesia. Lea Aitken and Raquel Shalom gave an interesting account on their native country in South America. Ginny Magee and Franny Sawdon worked out a report on Communism.

In the Literature Club, with the aid and direction of Miss Wheatley, VI B put on a Shakespearian program for V A. It proved light and amusing for all.

From VI B Large Kathy Harpur and Lea Aitken were elected as Form and Sports Captains, leaving VI B Small's Franny Sawdon to play "odd job."

Hikes were scheduled throughout the term, not only for pleasure but for educational purposes as well.

Sugaring-off at Mr. Johann's proved an unique and exciting event of the term.

We would like to thank Miss Bennett for her unending patience and advice throughout the year.

V A FORM REPORT

Our Form Mistress this term is Miss Hoult, who is also new to the school. The autumn term brought in an exciting soccer season and Miss Hoult greatly encouraged the Junior soccer team with her coaching. One of the star goalies, Elaine Kredl of V A, has hardly let in any goals, and had the honour of playing against Bishop's University.

Hallowe'en, one of the big occasions at K.H.C. was celebrated by us with a skit "The First Day at School". If you had seen it, I am almost sure you would agree that it was like any typical newcomer getting accustomed to school. The V A's had their biggest surprise at the Hallowe'en Party when Miss Hoult walked on the stage wearing a grubby sweatshirt, blue jeans and rubber boots. She sang a song about hunting for a "Boodlehimer" and then all the Staff came out dressed as the "Boodlehimer."

Before we knew, Christmas had arrived and we found ourselves picking names out of a hat for Christmas stockings and getting ready for a party. Two girls cut down a Christmas tree and we decorated the classroom and the tree. Robin Kunkle, dressed as Santa, popped out of a box just in time to surprise Miss Evans, Madame Cutting, Mademoiselle Lecours and Miss Hoult, who were our guests.

When we arrived at school for the second term we found that there was a new addition to the form, Cindy Gillbride. She is one of the few talented people in the class and plays popular music on the piano.

V A gave Miss Hoult a surprise party on her birthday and we had a big cake for her. She enjoyed the present, which was a film for her camera, because she is always taking pictures.

We sponsored a talent show for the Red Cross. It was what one might call a Variety Show. The Staff picked the winners and the prizes were given to the three most original. All the V A's are certainly right in saying that Rhona Halpern, their classmate, deserved the first prize which she received. She loves acting and put on an outstanding skit, which every one enjoyed.

At the end of the term, Miss Keyzer started a contest for exercises, and all those who finished received an extra leave which made them appreciate it a bit more.

In the third term Miss Keyzer started another contest and this time it's much harder. We are all hoping the prizes will be good. In the last term Rhona Halpern wrote a condensed, dramatized version of **Jane Eyre** which we plan to act. We have not quite decided whether it will be a success, but we certainly hope so.

It has been a wonderful year and we will be sad to break up in June.

All of us are looking forward to VI B and the new school.

THE IV A V B REPORT

The IV A's and V B's have decided to write a joint Form Report. This is because we live in the Cottage in one big group and do many activities at school. We have the same Form Mistress, Miss Morton.

Each Form consists of nine girls. Most come from either Quebec or Ontario, but five of the eighteen come from such distant places as Chile, British Guiana, and the West Indies. One is an Amercian.

Besides doing school work we have been busy with projects, sports, and social activities. Under the direction of Miss Hewson we put on a Christmas operetta, and with the help of Madame Landes and Miss Hewson we learned a French carol to sing at the Carol Service. At Hallowe'en we did very funny skits. At the Talent Show in March we put on "The Mountain Lion" written by Jane Marcuse. It is in **Per Annos**. We are grateful to Miss Bennett for starting a Junior Choir this year. We enjoyed the Sunday evening practices, and most of all the time we took the place of the Senior Choir at church.

Like every other Form, we belong to the Junior Red Cross. In sewing class the IV A's knit tuques and scarves and the V B's sewed modern-style pinafores for the Red Cross. Many girls sewed or knitted extra things to donate. Our raffle made about forty dollars.

We enjoyed sports every term and had great fun learning soccer, and improving our skating, skiing, and swimming. We also played badminton and ping-pong, and now in April are beginning tennis lessons. Miss MacDonald and Miss Loader took the keen skiers on a skiing hike one sunny February afternoon. Just before Easter the Exercise Contest kept us busy.

We attended a very nice tea dance at B.C.S. and the "Formal" here. Some are going to the invitation dance at B.C.S. to be held late in April. Besides these dances we had several small parties at the Cottage. Staff who teach us were our guests at the Christmas party, and we gave Miss Morton a surprise birthday party with cake and candles. Nicest of all were the numerous pyjama parties among ourselves so kindly arranged by Mrs. Carr.

We had a very happy year with Mrs. Lewes and Miss MacDonald at the Cottage and with Miss Morton, at the school. During Mrs. Lewes's illness in January Mrs. Carr took her place. We thank her very much for coming and for the many things she did for us. To our matrons, and to Miss Morton we express affectionate appreciation and best wishes for a good summer.

Activities

INITIATION OF NEW GIRLS

A girl in large-sized pyjamas using a toothbrush to wash the white line down the centre of the road, a boy addressing everyone as "Sir" and having his hair clipped very short, a girl polishing the badge and boots of a neighbourhood policeman — these are a few of the sights witnessed as freshmen are initiated at universities. Here at King's Hall the initiation of the new girls was not quite so severe. On the afternoon of September 11th the school gathered on the old soccer field to see the event, which was organized by the Matrics. Beginning at the goal posts, three identical obstacle courses were set out on half of the field. The new girls were grouped in Houses at the start. Each one had to race through the legs of a chair, hulla a hulla-hoop ten times, roll a ball with her nose, and skip five times. The prize for each girl was a House tie. It was great fun to watch the girls meet the obstacles, because many of them were new to this type of race. After the race all won the ties of their respective Houses. The teams being divided into Houses gave the new girls a feeling of "belonging," and also gave them a chance of seeing who was on their House. The morale of the new girls was strengthened by the school's cheering them on. This novel type of "Matric. Entertainment" was popular with everyone.

Margaret Paterson, VI A.

HALLOWE'EN

For the past fortnight, muttered whispers and uproarious laughter had been heard from behind closed doors as everyone prepared skits for the Hallowe'en festivities of November 5th. The VI B's had been busy over decorations, and as everyone trooped into the dining-room, we all agreed that the finished product was very effective. As the floodlights attached to Miss Hoult's camera swept over the room, they revealed Staff in tunics, maids disguised by masks and gay costumes, and a mass of waving arms from the tables. Spiders and skeletons dangled from the ceiling, and gnomes and other ghoulish creatures were strung along the walls.

When we had all eaten as much as we possibly could and stuffed our tunics to bursting point, we went upstairs or to classrooms to get ready for the skits in the gym. Finally, we all assembled around the gym. with all the necessary (?) equipment, and the evening got off to a fine start with the Staff's successful search for a boodleheimer. The Juniors had a series of commercials, the V A's a pantomime of a new girl's first day, the VI B's a series of sketches, the VI A's mimicked the Staff and their classes, and the Matrics. did the adventures of a poor unfortunate who ate a rotten peanut. At the end, with our sides just about split from laughing, we all gathered round and sang folk songs to the accompaniment of Tory Nichol's guitar for half an hour. Finally, tired but happy, we trailed up the stairs to bed.

Pauline Roberts, VI A.

THE FOOTBALL DANCE AT B.C.S.

On September twenty-fifth the Matrics. were welcomed at the B.C.S. football field just as the game was about to start. We were all eager to support "Bish" against its opponents from Beaconsfield, and thus we joined in encouraging the "home team" on to victory.

After the game we met Mr. Reid and also a friendly guide who conducted us on a tour of the school and grounds. We all agreed that the new Science building was indeed an interesting and attractive addition to the school.

We then went either to Grier or "Willy" House for an informal barbecue. There our kind hosts kept us entertained amid the strains of the latest "Stones" and "Beatles" albums. This was followed by a dance at the main school, which proved to be the highlight of the day's events. We listened to a group, "The Birds" and their deafening rendition of "Pipeline." As a special treat we heard that up-and-coming young group "Moons and Deeksy," who sang a medley of our favourite songs.

As the last "Hang on Sloopy" echoed through the halls, we wearily made our way to the waiting buses, bidding our hosts a fond farewell until the next day, when we would be the hostesses on the first B.C.S. Sunday.

Cathlyn Cook, Matric.

THE STANSTEAD DANCE

"So here's to Stanstead, our Alma Mater. . ." The deep bass voices rang out at the end of a wonderful day at Stanstead College School. It was November 6th, and the Matrics., VI A's and a few of the VI B's had arrived that afternoon, tumbling off the bus beside the football field to see a game between Stanstead and Quebec High School.

After the game we went inside to the reception room and were greeted by the boys and — what else? — food! The supper consisted of soup, sandwiches, celery and carrot sticks, while for dessert we had apple pie and hot chocolate. It was delicious!

Following supper we went to the auditorium where the dance was being held. The theme of the decorations was the sea. Nets, decorated with coloured bits of paper, were cleverly draped here and there, while a huge gleaming silver fish was hung from the middle of the ceiling. The stage was covered with little tables and chairs, and had a soft-drink bar at one end. The "barmen" were dressed up as beach combers.

In the middle of the dance a group of Stanstead boys played, to give the regular band from Sherbrooke a break. Both were "fantastic!"

All in all, the boys were wonderful hosts, the food was scrumptuous, the decorations were original, and both bands terrific!

So . . . let's give a cheer for Stanstead! —

"Red, white, red, white, Sis Boom Bah,
Stanstead College, Rah, Rah, Rah!!"

MARGOT MAGEE and
KAREN WESTHOFF, VI A.

THE TEA DANCE

TIME: 8:00 p.m.
PLACE: Bishop's College School
ACTIVITY: The Tea Dance

"Ee-ni, mee-ni, mye-ni mo - - -"
All the Comptonites in a row,
Lined up on the B.C.S. stairs
Waiting to be put in pairs
With Bishop's boys.

Dialogue

NELDA GESORKE:—Do I look O.K.? I mean, do you think I'll be able to get a boy-friend at this dance?

RITA RUBIN:—Yes, you look fine, only your slip is showing about three inches.

(With terror poor Nelda rushes upstairs to fix her slip and then dashes back to the line to be paired off.)

Narrative

Upon entering the gym with her partner, Nelda has to duck through a mass of streamers to get to the dance floor. When the two finally get through the jungle they find their favourite record is being played. As they dance the "jerk" the occasional up-jerk of her head allows Nelda's eyes to wander around the room. She notices that the ceiling is canopied with purple and white streamers that continue down over the walls. The tables have gay red checked cloths on them, and wine bottles containing candles. The theme of the dance is displayed in large letters on the stage: "Paris-a-go-go!" ("So that's what it is") Big red and yellow lights dazzle her eyes and give atmosphere. Nelda and her partner dance on, having fun like everybody around them. Finally the last dance arrives, and then comes the long retreat back to get coats.

Dialogue

RITA: Did you have fun, Nelda? I did! And talk about food! I'm glad I was with a boy that craves food as I do. He's writing me. How about you?

NELDA: Oh, Rita, he's so divine! I didn't get his name, but I hope he's got mine!

Narrator's Comment

So ends another B.C.S. Tea Dance. Was it a success? If you could see the faces of all the girls your answer would be "Yes!"

The unanimous vote of the girls on the bus was that—

(1) It was a "fabulous" dance.
(2) The decorations were "fantastic."
(3) The boys were hospitable (as usual).
(4) And we do hope they have another dance next year.

BETSY ANDRAS, VI A.

THE B.C.S. CARNIVAL

Time — January 29th, 1966
Place — B.C.S.
Conditions — Cold!!
Activities —

"Step right up girls, throw those sponges, only three for a dime. Peanuts. . . Popcorn," and various other cries such as those came from all directions in the Gym. The main attraction was the roulette wheel (King's Hall is known for its expert gamblers, you know.) The decorations gave the atmosphere of an amusement park. After all our money had been lost in the "games of chance" we moved out into the cold arena just in time to hear, "On your mark, get set. . . BANG" and the speed racing was on. It was freezing in there watching the broomball

game and the races, but we all appreciated the warmth of the Gym., where the rest of the carnival took place. The dance was a record hop and most enjoyable, but everyone thought it was much too short, as before we knew it, it was time to go. Loaded with balloons and other souvenirs of the great time we had had, we all piled into the buses bound for school.

CINDY MORTON
ROBYN MACDUFF, VI A.

THE FORMAL

Neon lights . . . Go-Go girls . . . nightclubs! This was the atmosphere of the decorations at this year's formal dance. Our guests were B.C.S., Stanstead, and a few specially invited people from the Montreal area.

The dance began at nine o'clock when the girls, escorted by their "dates," followed the sign "Where the Action is" to the gym. Upon entering the gym. they were in the discotheque world. The music for the evening was furnished by Mr. Tinker and his orchestra.

VI A was in charge of the decorations as usual. The chairman of their committee was Margo Magee. Much time and patience were put into the decorations and they were enjoyed and greatly appreciated by all.

Usually the gym. is the only room decorated, but this year the lounge was also decorated. A sign, "The Pub," hung over the door with an old-fashioned lamp at the entrance. Records set the atmosphere in the lounge and everyone had a gay time in "The Pub."

JARMAINE SMITH, VI A.

STANSTEAD WINTER CARNIVAL

The bus was packed and we were finally on our way! Everyone was in such high spirits that the forty-five minutes flew by and before we knew it we were being greeted by throngs of boys. First of all we were confronted with two sheets of paper — one a programme of the afternoon's events and the other a list of scavenger hunt items — ranging from the January issue of "Playboy" to a pithball from the Physics lab.

The first event was a flag-pole climbing race — fortunately — for the boys only. Strangely enough this was won by the smallest contestant. Next the dog-sled races took place; five boys pulled a sixth on a sled. Following this was an event especially popular with the boys. Sixteen boys had previously been selected and each was required to find one girl and persuade her to enter the snow shovelling contest with him. Unfortunately the lucky girls did not have much choice in this and soon found themselves in the middle of a snow bank, piling snow. Our hosts had planned that the female half of the team was to sculpture something from the pile of snow, but we never got around to that! During these events we all noticied the snow sculptures which the boys had done with so much skill. These included "Jasper the Bear" in a ski-doo, "Moby Dick," "Gemini 7" and "Expo' .67."

The hot chocolate which followed was welcomed by all, since the afternoon had been quite cold. After this the girls split into four groups and, helped by the willing boys, tried to collect all the items on the scavenger hunt list. After about an hour of hilarious confusion most of the items were gathered and we then moved to the reception room for a sing-song and skits performed by the four groups of girls.

A buffet supper followed this, which satisfied our keen appetites. We then gradually drifted over to Pierce Hall where the dance was soon in full swing. The decorations fascinated most of us although the boys were very modest about them. The carnival committee had managed to get the Sceptres, a very well known group from Montreal, to play at the dance. Later on the Stanstead group played and they were a great success. As the night drew to a close Mr. Cayley presented the various prizes won during the carnival. The House with the most overall points won a prize. It was Junior Colby House. After a few more dances, good-byes were said and we were once again packed into the bus, but this time we were all tired and happy after a most enjoyable afternoon and evening at Stanstead.

JEAN PATON
CYNTHIA SHARP, VI A.

THE EXERCISE CONTEST

For the last eleven days of our second term a burst of activity broke out through the school in the form of an exercise contest. Each participating student walked up to the pond, exercised for fifteen minutes, played games of ping-pong and badminton, and ran around the school once before breakfast a certain number of days out of the eleven days. She must also avoid getting posture ticks. Besides physical exercise she had to read fifty pages of a good book.

Prizes were presented the day before we went home for our Easter vacation, and even some of our so-called "lazy-ones" were winners. The well-earned prizes were plus twenty-five for the House, an extra leave for the third term, and a box of "Turtles" kindly donated by Miss Gillard and Miss Keyzer.

SUZANNE ABOUD, Matric.

JUNIOR RED CROSS
KING'S HALL

This year the Junior Red Cross programme was carried out successfully through the support and co-operation of everyone in the school. As you know, the three aims of the Red Cross are The Promotion of Health, Service, and International Understanding. Some of our projects were directed towards promoting international understanding.

At the beginning of the first term we elected our officers for the year: Victoria Nelson, President; Jarmaine Smith, Secretary; and Betsy Johnston, Treasurer.

Various girls had an opportunity of attending Red Cross training centres and meetings outside the school. During the summer Jennifer Robb went to the Inter-Provincial Junior Red Cross training centre at Albert College, Belleville, Ontario, while Susan Fleming attended a similar Inter-Provincial Centre at St. Come, Quebec. On the third Sunday of the first term Susan and Jennifer told us about their experiences, and it was very interesting to note that both centres were completely bilingual.

At the annual Junior Red Cross meeting in Montreal, King's Hall was represented by Jarmaine Smith and Betsy Johnston. Here they learned of the various projects being carried on at other schools in the province. The delegates were also informed about international projects which the Red Cross has undertaken. Among these is the Sudan Garden Project, to which we have sent a donation. Underprivileged youth in the Sudan are being helped to help themselves, and they in turn will assist other youth in their communities. Poverty and hunger can be fought through the better education of the young in developing countries. At this meeting in Montreal a film was shown entitled "River of Life." We decided to order this, along with "Report from Sandy Bay" to see how the Red Cross functions abroad.

During the third term Red Cross Headquarters sent us Profile Booklets. These contain questions relating to the customs of the country in which one lives and about one's personal feelings regarding certain aspects of life. Each Form representative, with the aid of her companions in the Form, filled in one of these booklets. Red Cross Headquarters in Montreal will distribute them to various foreign countries.

The most important part of Red Cross work, especially in schools, is of course, Service. This took the form of preparing Health Kits, earning money, and making garments. We were able to send seventy-five Health Kits to Red Cross Headquarters in Montreal, from where they will be sent to whatever parts of the world need them. Each kit contains various toilet accessories and toys. During the Christmas holidays each girl bought supplies for the kits. I thank the VI B's who were responsible for sewing the bags into which the articles were put. I am particularly grateful to Mademoiselle Lecours and the girls in the Matric. and VI A Household Science course for their help in preparing the kits.

Each Form was expected to make an effort to earn money. Matric., VI B, and the Junior Forms each held a raffle, while VI A held two and also donated the money taken at "Riders to the Sea." V A arranged a Talent Show, the proceeds of which went to the Red Cross.

Our Annual Red Cross night was held on Sunday, May 1. Every girl and Staff in the school makes at least one garment or article, such as a toy or stuffed animal. During the evening Miss Gillard held up each contribution separately, and later all were put on display before being sent to Montreal. The contributions made by the Staff were numerous, and I should like to thank each one for her efforts. I should especially like to thank Mademoiselle Lecours for her willing guidance and help in making this evening possible. She supervised many classes in which the girls sewed for the Red Cross, and her work has been greatly appreciated.

I extend my warmest thanks also to the Form Representatives: Anne McInnes and Penny Porteous, VI A; Francine Sawdon and Kathy Winser, VI B; Debbie Hornig, V A; Pamela Grey, V B; Heather Booth, IV A; and especially Jarmaine Smith and Betsy Johnston. I do not know what the Red Cross would have achieved this year without the co-operation of all these girls.

VICTORIA NELSON



JUNIOR RED CROSS

Left to Right:
Back Row: K. WINSER, P. PORTEOUS, A. MCINNES.
Middle Row: F. SAWDEN, D. HORNIG, J. SMITH.
Front Row: H. BOOTH, V. NELSON, B. LLOYD.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE REPORT

One place in the school where there is always some activity, whether it be at night or during the day, is the Household Science laboratory. All Forms from VI B down take Household Science, learning the basic things — for instance sewing and knitting and plain cooking.

A major part of the work we do down in the lab is sewing for the Red Cross. We make things for other people who are less fortunate than ourselves. This year the IV A's made scarves and tuques which will be very useful for winter. The V B's made aprons and pinafores with pants. The V A's made jumpers and the VI B's made little pants and skirts for small children, which I am sure will all be appreciated.

Apart from the weekly class in Household Science taken by Forms V A to VI B, there is a more extensive course which may be taken in VI A and Matric. This year the class consists of four girls: Virginia Parke, Alison Donald, Jan Parke and Kit McMeans. Here they learn to knit and sew; they also study food values — vitamins, minerals, proteins and so forth. This year they prepared a tea and luncheon to which they invited Miss Gillard.

In 1965-66 we were under the guidance of Mademoiselle Lecours. Although new to the school she heped us to make this year's Red Cross successful.

We would all like to thank her very much for the help she has given us, and the patience she has shown. We all appreciate it very much.

Virginia Parke, Matric.

SENIOR CURRENT EVENTS

The Matric. and VI A Current Events session on Wednesday evenings is the only chance that many girls have to catch up on the news of the past week. Everyone watches the eight o'clock news from Montreal, and then a discussion period follows in which Miss Morris answers any questions about topics briefly covered by the commentator. The death of Shastri and the appointment of Madame Gandhi as the Prime Minister of India, and the recent Canadian election, as well as many other interesting events, were thoroughly discussed. On behalf of the Matrics. and VI A's, I should like to thank Miss Morris for giving up her free time for our Current Events class.

Felicity Smith, VI A,

VI A LITERATURE CLUB

Every Thursday night this year the whole of VI A gathered in the Lounge to increase their knowledge of English Literature, old and new.

To start with, we spent most of our evenings listening to Shakespeare records, while following in our books. Then we read the play "Mary Rose" in parts. During the second term we were all allowed to bring our favourite bits of poetry. Needless to say, the variations were great — from "The Highwayman" to the wit of Ogden Nash. The third term we read a condensed version of "She Stoops to Conquer'. and then returned to Shakespeare.

All in all it has been most successful and very rewarding. On behalf of VI A I would like to thank Miss MacLennan for arranging all this for us.

Katharine Solandt, VI A.

THE LIBRARY REPORT

As usual this year the library has played an active role in the daily life of many King's Hall girls. The books have circulated endlessly — above all, the paperbacks. The enthusiasm shown when new books arrive is well illustrated by this incident last February: Miss Gillard was kind enough to buy us about fifteen new paperbacks, mostly classics, and within an hour or so all of them had been snatched up! One would have thought it was a bargain sale of Beatle pictures!

The committee, composed of a selection of VI B's and VI A's, worked zealously during the year and the library remained in good state. We must thank Margie Stoddard who helped us start off on the right foot when she headed the committee for the first term. Of course, as is true of most years, some prodding was needed to keep the shelves in alphabetical order, but there are certainly no complaints, as the results were satisfying. All those on the committee deserve our thanks for a job well done. Our warmest thanks also to Miss MacLennan and Miss Wheatley for interesting us in so many varied books for our own enjoyment.

I know we girls appreciate the library and I myself know that books will always interest me. I hope that all of you will remember — books provide the key to knowledge and constant pleasure. Keep on reading!

Katharine E. Solandt, VI A.

SCIENCE FAIR

On April 16, 1966, the Matric. and VI A science students went to a fair at Sherbrooke University. There were supposed to be sixteen exhibits, but only eight turned up. One exhibit was a report on the Embryos of Mammals. A small language barrier arose, but we managed to overcome it. Another exhibit was an experiment on the effects of stimulants on the memory. The mice belonged to Alcoholics Anonymous and so the effect of alcohol had not yet been studied. Over in a corner a computer was singing. "A Bicycle Built for Two" accompanied by another computer on the piano, while we were told all about speech synthesis. In the middle of the room were two cages containing mice. In one cage the mice were skinny and bald while in the other cage they were sleek and healthy. This revealed the effects of protein in the diet. One boy had built a computer that played Tic-Tac-Toe and always won. How depressing! Another boy had built a seismograph which records the movements of the earth.

The trip was made possible by the kindness of Miss Wallace and some other eager young Staff members who took us over.

PATRICIA ANN MORGAN, Matric.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

This year we were given very short notice to prepare speeches for our annual public speaking contest. Even though we did have such a short time so many girls participated that the contest had to be held on two different days. The first part was held on Friday, January twenty-first, and the second on January twenty-second.

All the girls who took part were from VI A, except one from the Matric. Form. The topics spoken on ranged from "Ice Boating" and "Op and Pop Art" to "Advertising" and "Conformity."

The winner was our only contestant from Matric., Sheila Reid. The topic of her speech was "Courage." From our contest here at school Sheila went on to the St. Francis district semi-finals in Sherbrooke. This contest, like the final in Montreal, is sponsored by the McGill Alumnae Society. Sheila did very well in Sherbrooke coming second. The whole school was proud of her.

On behalf of all the girls who participated in this contest held at the school, I should like to thank Miss MacLennan for spending so much of her extra time helping us perfect our speeches.

NANCY KEYES, VI A.



1. Sunday at the zoo *K. Winser*
2. The men from W.D.R.K. *B. Peck*
3. Ferry Across the Mersey *G. Russel*
4. Too much candy cupboard? *S. Butterworth*
5. Hi Beautiful! How many years have you been in Compton? *D. Hornig*
6. All pig pens are not up the road *S. Clark*


THE ARTS
m.w.

ART REPORT

In September, King's Hall welcomed a new art teacher, Miss E. Morton, from Edinburgh. Her enthusiasm and talent have inspired all her students. Often she gave up her free time to aid different Forms with special projects. Besides her diligent work in regular classes she has helped to develop the ability of interested "young artists" every Wednesday afternoon in the Special Art classes.

The Special Art pupils started with pencil and charcoal sketches of their friends and went on to paint Still Life. They practised with different materials.

Some members of the Matric. class are working hard on different pictures to submit to McGill for their Matric. in Art. Good-luck!

We extend our congratulations and thanks to the VI A Form for their fascinating decorations at Christmas and for the "Formal." Their clever idea of "Night Clubs A-go-go" was enjoyed by the K.H.C. girls and their guests from B.C.S. and Stanstead.

The VI B's displayed their originality at Hallowe'en, when they so effectively decorated the dining-room. They certainly gave it a "spooky" atmosphere!

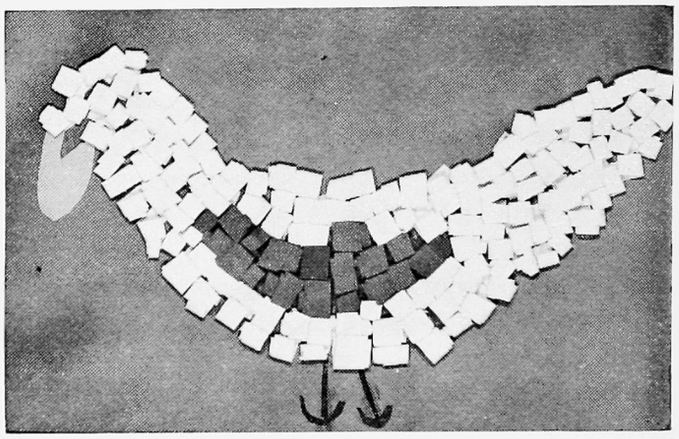
The V A's have been working on different class projects, using many types of patterns and stencils, and various materials.

I am sure that everyone who has entered the Art Room has noticed the papier-maché models of animals. The V B and IV A Forms have given a good deal of time and effort to these, and have been most successful.

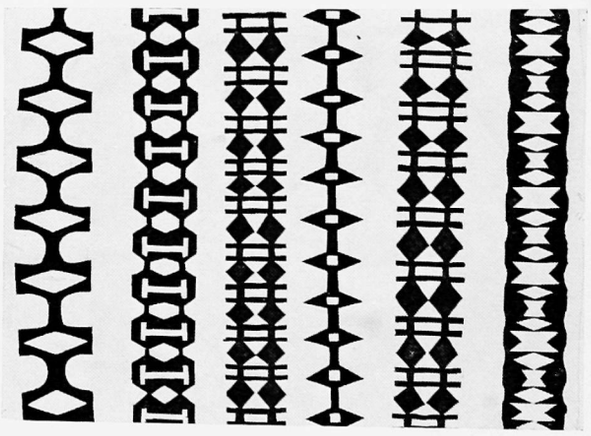
A new idea to many people and certainly an exciting one to all is making jewelry of papier-maché. This is just one example of the many activities of the Art Room. We all sincerely hope that next year's art curriculum will be as interesting, as much fun, and as educational as the activities of 1966.

RHONA HALPERN, V A.

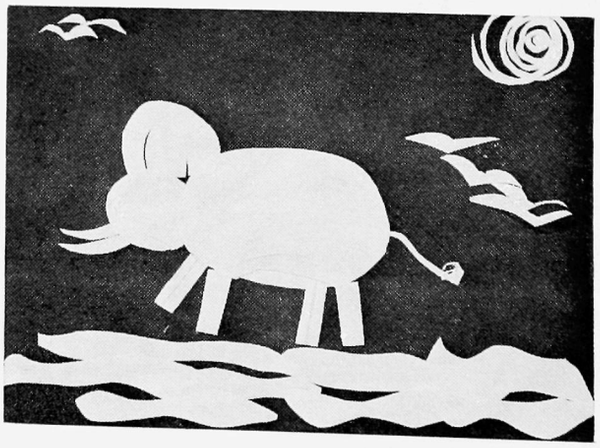
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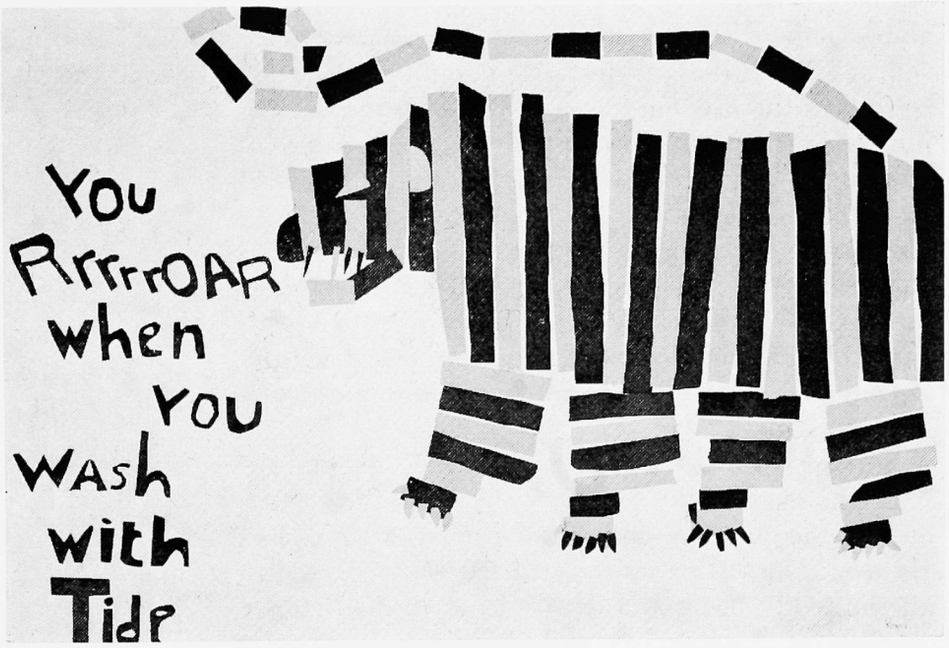
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CREDITS

1. Hilary Stead, V B.
2. Cecily Porter, VI B.
3. Diana Sockett, Special Art, V A.
4. Regan Tisshaw, IV A.
5. Francine Sawdon, Special Art, VI B.
6. Jarmaine Smith, VI A.
7. Louise Mundy, Matric.
8. Jane Meagher, V A.

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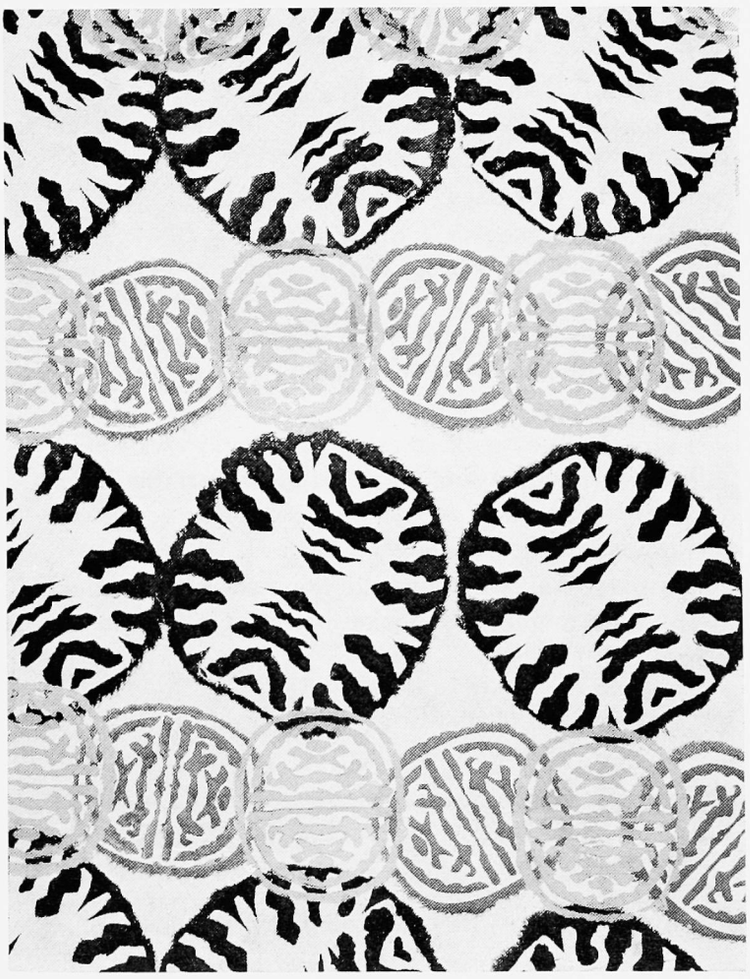
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CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES

The Christmas celebrations at King's Hall are always enjoyed by everybody, because each person shares in the various festivities and the hearty spirit. On the last Sunday morning of term we all jumped out of bed the moment the bell rang — an unusual procedure — and ran downstairs, eager to feast our eyes on the huge Christmas tree standing in one corner of the lounge. The Staff had decorated it the night before, and from the sounds filtering up to the bedrooms above we gathered that they enjoyed their work as much as we enjoyed the results as we sat around the tree singing carols.

In the evening we had the Christmas play put on by the Juniors under the direction of Miss Hewson. The setting was a toy department in which all the teddy bears and dolls sprang to life before the eyes of a young boy and his sister. It excited the imagination of even the oldest of us.

After this we remained in the Prep. Hall singing carols for a short while; then we started downstairs and were greeted in the glass passage by the choir. With candles in their hands they stood singing carols as we all filed past them. When we were comfortably settled in the lounge waiting in anticipation, we heard the sound of laughter outside. Suddenly in bounced Carol Finlayson very well disguised as Santa Claus, followed by the Matrics. as "his" helpers. Presents were given to all the Staff. The rhymes which went with them had taken great skill to compose and a good sense of humour. Miss Gillard was presented with four pillows from the school.

Later in the week a religious service was held consisting of carol singing and appropriate readings from the Bible.

I am sure as we grow older we shall look back with fond memories to the joy of Christmas at King's Hall.

Cynthia Moffat, VI A.

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THE CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE

The spirit of Christmas filled the air as the school assembled in the Prep. Hall to take part in the Christmas Carol Service. At the front of the hall stood a crèche made by the juniors. It added much to the service.

The service itself began with a Bidding Prayer read by Miss Gillard. The reading of lessons alternated with the singing of carols. These lessons, read by the Form Representatives, gradually built up the Christmas story from the Creation to the actual birth of Christ. The carols were old as well as new. Some were English and others translations from the French. Some were sung alone by the Junior and Senior choirs under the direction of Miss Bennett, while the congregation joined in others. A VI B speech choir under the direction of Miss Wheatley recited T. S. Eliot's "The Journey of the Magi." This was followed by the carol "Three Kings" by Peter Cornelius. The service came to a close with the collect for Christmas Eve read by Miss Gillard, and with "O Come All Ye Faithful" sung heartily by the whole congregation.

Debbie Thompson, VI A.

△▽△
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MUSIC FROM MARLBORO

On October 18, 1965, a large group of us arrived at Bishop's University eagerly anticipating the evening ahead. We had no idea of the type of music which was to be played, but this made everything even more interesting. The concert was entitled "Music from Marlboro" and it was sponsored by the Marlboro Music Festival.

The group of artists consisted of three stringed instrumentalists, a pianist, and a contralto soloist. They began with a piano trio in C major by Mozart. Then there was the contrast of a more modern selection by Irving Fine. A very lively movement from a piano quartet in E flat major by Dvorak ended the evening. The programme appealed to the young audience.

Mary Sue Philpott, VI A.



Some of the Choir

THE CHOIR REPORT

Speaking on behalf of the choir I am sure I am right in saying that this has been another most enjoyable year working with Miss Bennett. Speaking for the school as a whole all I can say is "Thank you, Miss Bennett, for all the time and effort you have put into school singing."

This year we must especially mention the new junior choir, with which we have had great pleasure working. I know everyone agrees that having this choir was a splendid innovation and we hope it will continue next year.

Once again we went to several parishes as a visiting choir and as usual we had a stimulating time on each trip and met the most hospitable people imaginable. We were the guests of the Reverend Mr. Peirce of Stanstead, of Father Jervis-Read of Coaticook, of Archdeacon Matthews of Lennoxville, and of the Reverend Mr. Buxton of North Hatley.

At Christmas both choirs sang in our annual Carol Service.

Altogether, we have worked hard during all three terms, and have felt a good deal of satisfaction and enjoyment.

Remember: "Spit as you've never spat before!"

ELIZABETH PATERSON, Matric.

THE LAND OF EARLY AUTUMN

On November 27th, 1965, we were proud to have with us Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Grant. Both are naturalists and at one time were photographers to Walt Disney.

They showed a most fascinating film on wildlife, accompanied by a lecture on "The Land of Early Autumn." The film was taken from scenes in the vicinity of North West Alberta. This picture showed the different environments and various habits of birds and animals.

Mr. Grant's natural and spontaneous manner of lecturing held the interest of his audience. When he described, for instance, the male grouse strutting up and down spreading his feathers in a fan-like shape and drumming on a log to attract attention, he pounded on his own chest. Then he showed a duck in the middle of a frozen lake, unable to fly away because there was not enough space. This duck would not have long to live because it would either starve to death, die of cold, or be eaten by predatory animals. We enjoyed the story that Mr. Grant told of the female tanager. Under her wing she has a special yellow marking which is very unusual.

In the animal section of the film, Mr. Grant had pictures of otters continually playing, and of a beaver building his home and damming up the river. The moose appealed to us, as Mr. Grant had special names for them. One I remember was called "Big Three." He referred to many things including their intricately designed antlers. The antlers of the young moose are covered with a fine layer of soft velvety skin. Later, however, when the moose rubs this off the antlers become as sharp as needles and are ready for the mating season. Last, but not least, a few slides were shown of the numerous peaceful bison which had once roamed the prairies.

To conclude the session there was a short question and discussion period. We all learned a great deal, and do hope that Mr. and Mrs. Grant will return next year.

KATHERINE MCMEANS, VI A.

ATTENDING "TARTUFFE"

The Matrics. and VI A's on the evening of March 5, had the privilege of going to a performance of "Tartuffe" presented in English by a group of students at Bishop's University.

The play was a great success. The audience especially enjoyed the humour, the costumes, and the ease with which the actors went through their parts. The splendid seventeenth century costumes had all — except for the wigs — been made by the students themselves. Throughout the play the actors were so at ease that you felt as though you yourself were taking part in the scandal Tartuffe was causing. The evening was an enjoyable experience and it also gave an example of the high standard of acting which university students can reach.

LOUISE MUNDY, Matric.

VI A PLAY

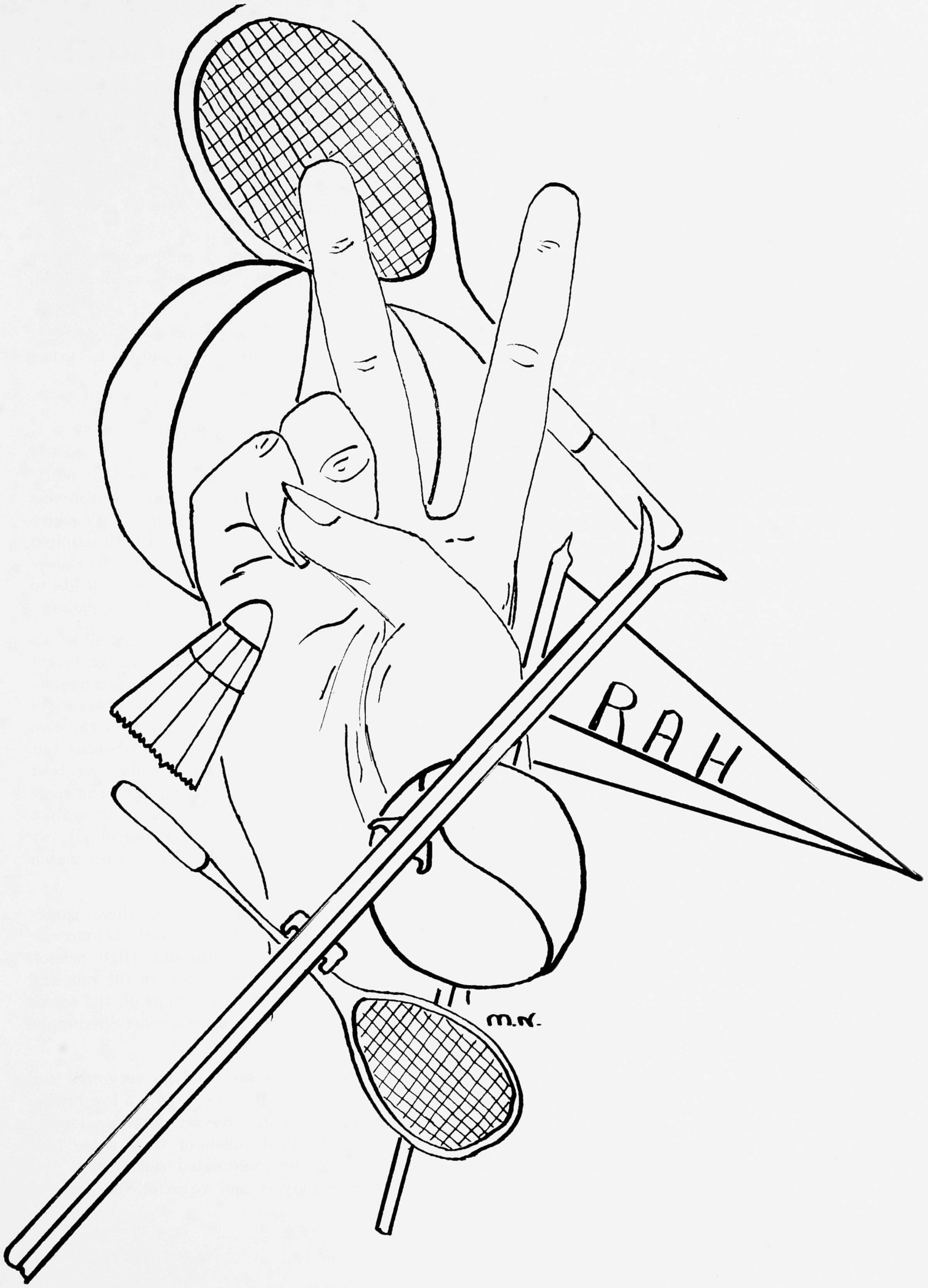
On the evening of March 20th Miss Gillard, the Staff, the girls and a few invited guests had the pleasure of seeing Synge's "The Riders to the Sea" put on by this year's VI A's under the direction of Miss Hewson, with Miss Morton as designer of the set.

The play is a tragedy. The main parts were played by Betsy Johnston, Jane Bowen, Jarmaine Smith, and Barbara Campbell, while the minor characters were taken by Cindy Morton, Cynthia Sharp, Christine Baedeker, Christine Sinclair, Robin Marshall, and Betsy Andras. The emotions of grief and sorrow rising almost to hysteria in some places were excellently portrayed by these girls; the whole play was very vivid and moving.

The stage props were authentic and also very effective. The sound of the sea in the background was almost eerie in its closeness and realism.

We all had a most enjoyable evening, and should like to thank Miss Hewson, Miss Morton, the whole cast, and the stage crew.

MARGOT MAGEE, VI A.


RAH
M.N.

SPORTS REPORT

The clock reached three-fifteen, a bell rang, and simultaneously one hundred and fifty pairs of running shoes galloped outside. Thus began another year of sports at K.H.C.

The first few weeks were almost entirely devoted to soccer team "try-outs." During this strenuous period Miss Keyzer, Miss Loader, and Miss Hoult tried both to discover new talent and to whip into shape last year's "talent." Before long K.H.C. had a senior and a junior soccer team. These teams played several home games and a few games at Lennoxville High, Sherbrooke High, and Bishop's University. Some of these games were carried on under the most adverse conditions such as "monsoon" rain storms, muddy fields, and imminent snow, but the renowned K.H.C. spirit never slacked.

The clock reached three-fifteen, a bell rang, and simultaneously one hundred and fifty pairs of ski-boots and skates clambered out to the snow. Thus began another arctic term at K.H.C.

This year's ski enthusiasts found the hills in great condition for their "bashing," while the skaters made daily trips to the rink where they, in turn, could demonstrate their skills. For the really eager skiers the innovation of a ski club proved most successful, as they adventured out on ski hills every Sunday afternoon. Those who were new to the sport were instructed on a nearby hill until they gained enough experience and confidence to attempt Hillcrest. Despite the unavoidable tumbles and bruises involved in learning to ski, all tyros are now as keen as the others.

The gymn. was continually occupied in the afternoons by participants in the badminton tournament smashing the bird on to victory, and at night by Miss Loader's vaulting club and by Matric. basketball.

The clock reached three-fifteen, a bell rang, and simultaneously one hundred and fifty tennis rackets rushed through the doors and out to the defenceless courts. Thus began the third term at K.H.C.

The tennis tournament is now under way, and the swimming meet, postponed from the second term on account of a 'flu epidemic, is fast approaching, and will enable our star swimmers to dream of the glorious points their Houses will win.

The three terms are almost over now, and you can feel proud of yourselves. That old saying, "It's not whether you win or lose that is important — it is how you play the game," is certainly applicable to Comptonites, for we feel that you were all "good sports" both literally and figuratively, this past year.

Our warmest thanks to Miss Keyzer, Miss Loader and Miss Hoult for all the cheerful and beneficial help they have given us.

Love,

JENNIFER and CHRISTINE

SOCCER REPORT

Laughter, and voices shouting "Get that ball!" rose from the soccer field. The soccer season was in full swing! The first term was busy, with soccer for everyone; we had two teams and both required much coaching and practice. Every day after classes girls hurried to the old and new soccer fields to participate in a practice or an inter-House game.

The senior soccer team did not play all of its scheduled games; however, we did manage to get four of them in before the weather turned against us. Two other games had to be cancelled because of un-cooperative weather. King's Hall won the two games played against Lennoxville High School, but the "Vestal Virgins" of Bishop's University beat us for the first time in many years and the score in the return match was a tie. As the game against the Sherbrooke High School was rained-out, we played volleyball in their gym. The return match had to be cancelled.

The junior soccer team played three games against other schools: two against Lennoxville High and one against Sherbrooke High School. They won all three games in spite of the rain and mud. More rain and bad conditions on the soccer field cancelled their return game against Sherbrooke High School.

In all, our soccer season did go very well and there were no serious injuries — only a few bruises and battered shins. Miss Keyzer, Miss Loader and Miss Hoult all spent much of their spare time trying to make un-coordinated school girls into amateur soccer players, and we are all very grateful to them.

NANCY KEYES, VI A.



JUNIOR SOCCER

Back Row: A. McInnes, D. Ellson, A. Esdaile, S. Modiano, L. Aitken, B. Kirby, M. Griffin, B. Carnon, K. Winser, D. Binks.

Middle Row: R. MacDuff, E. Kredl, K. Harpur, D. Hornig, E. Stead, N. Cook, K. Oughtred.

Front Row: H. McGraw, S. Clark, S. Butler, C. MacDonald, F. Sawdon.



SENIOR SOCCER

Left to Right

Back Row: C. Sinclair, L. Robinson, S. Fleming, S. Johnston, C. Iversen, K. Peirce, N. Doheny, C. Prescott, L. Paterson.

Middle Row: B. Peck, J. Robb, S. Reid, M. Chapman, D. Thompson, M. MacLeod, C. Sharp.

Front Row: B. Johnston, J. Clarke, M. Nichols, C. Cook, C. Morton.

THE SKI REPORT

The Michaelmas term arrived with all its ardent skiers. This year each class had an opportunity to go to a small, but challenging hill called appropriately Hillcrest. Hillcrest received a bus load of Comptonites almost every day, except Wednesday when we unfortunately had laundry.

For the novices, lessons were held at the church hill so that they too might eventually go to the big hill. After only several weeks the beginners were ready to be taught professionally by Mr. Sinbad, an excellent instructor at Hillcrest.

This year we decided to arrange a ski club for all those truly interested in the sport. On Sundays the ski club went for hikes up Windy and over the ravine. Jerry kindly supplied cookies and a few girls brought wine flasks, filled with water, of course. These hikes, though few in number, were great fun. All in all it was a very successful year for the second term's most favourite sport.

Nan Rudel, Matric.

CAPTIONS TO PICTURES p. 40

	PHOTOGRAPH
1. Come alive!	*N. Rudel*
2. Piles of us never do any work	*N. Rudel*
3. The in-crowd of Matric	*B. Peck*
4. Out to lunch	*K. Oughtred*
5. Motley crew of VI A	*B. Andras*
6. Formal a GO-GO	*R. Shalom*
7. Protest against the rising tide of comformity	*K. Winser*
8. Animal Farm	*K. Oughtred*
9. Stein Ericson Ski School — Compton Branch	*J. Meagher*
10. It fits, it fits! We've found Cinderella	*B. Lee*
11. We try harder in V A	*D. Hornig*
12. The Outsiders	*J. Meagher*


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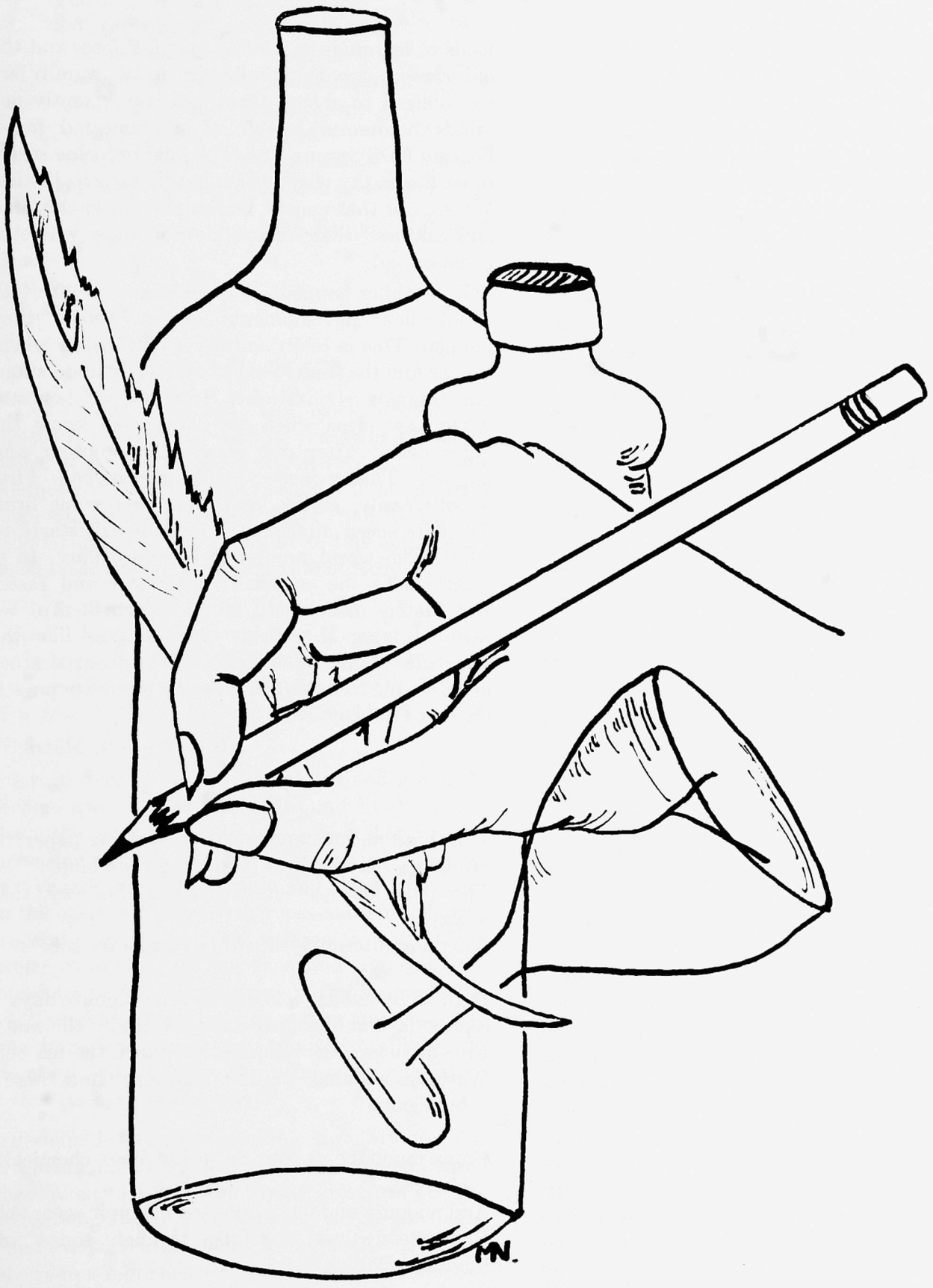

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LITERARY

Matric

ON WRITING THE ESSAY

Glibly and effortlessly the teacher glides on about writing the essay. Speaking to us as though we were demented children she says, "Now you read the chapter on the personal essay. Make your plan. Then begin writing."

Our eyes full of trust gaze dimly at her. Abruptly an infernal buzzer jangles our most profound thoughts and the sweet music of the bell calls us to an even sweeter lunch. Good-bye, dear essay!

Three nights later we grope blindly for our text, abstractedly flipping a few pages, once in a while glancing at the black print. Then pen in hand we confront the white page before us. This is where our essay ends?

A most horrifying thought floats through our minds. Are we really as blank as the page before us? Do we have absolutely no interests? What can we sincerely write?

"Nothing," comes the dry reply from the deep dark abyss, sometimes called the mind. Frantically we draw cartoons, write to our parents, gather our powers. Once again we open the formidable book. Gritting our teeth, trying desperately to comprehend the dull black letters, but once again we fail miserably.

Again that frightening thought enters our minds: "Are we really so blank? We could not be, with all this television we see, all the books at our disposal and all the day-to-day commentaries on different aspects of life, from all over the world. We just could not be this blank!

But some of us are! Yes, gentle reader; indeed, you may shake your head, but some of us are this blank and are consequently lost. Every day, newspapers are thrust under our noses, books stare at us. Magazines filled with gaudy but persuasive advertisements, television, soap operas, radio speeches, neon signs — just look. They're all over the place. Even on the backs of buses someone tries to convince us that "your" shirts, "your" teeth, "your" anything will be whiter if you use bleach, Tide, Cheer, All White, Oxydol, Ivory Snow. . . We turn on the radio or television. Someone is yelling at us "Love is Lost," "We are on the Eve of Destruction," and numerous other prophecies of doom. Aside from all this, textbooks to study and problems to solve are placed before us. Day by day this continues. New fields of learning, new ideas, new fashions, and the old classics are thrown before us. Naturally we feel obliged to absorb them and consequently our minds become a jumble of disconnected facts, floating hazily around us. The final outcome seems to be the empty page, which hardly does us justice. We are not that empty. Our minds are so cluttered and confused that we just do not know where to begin or end.

Everything happens so quickly and we are told about new developments almost before they happen. This is really quite wonderful, but where can we find the time to digest and really understand our complex civilization? How can we honestly grasp new ideas when we don't even know the older ones? After one idea comes another and another. This sequence is like a snowball. First it rolls easily, giving itself time to become firm. Then its speed augments. The snowball starts to whirl. The world around it becomes filmy. In a frantic haze the snowball rolls faster and faster and faster, until there is no snowball. Are we really moving so quickly that we are like the snowball, blind and breathless? Will our destiny be the same? Is this what the empty essay page is trying to tell us?

KAY WILSON, Matric.

THE WEEK

The thin line runs and walks on blotting paper;
Stopping, she increases it to a big wide blob.
There are many other lines going this way, that way,
Laughing intermingled with a temporary sob.

High days, holidays, and sometimes bonfire days
Skiing days and skating days essentially the same;
Five-minutes—ten minutes, wait until the tea bell,
Washing, working, waiting, wanting; **then** there'll be a game!

From mundane-day to Saturday lines chemically analyse,
And magnify and mesmerize some happiness or loss.
Changelessly yet hopefully through songs and hymnal lullabies,
Sunday comes with sweet ice-cream and luscious chocolate sauce.

SUSAN CADMAN, Matric.

ALONE

Alone down paved sidewalks with
Flashing lights, perfidious cars,
Saturnine buildings eating the filth—
The body walked — vindictive,
Sardonic, towards this materialism;
Silent in deep comtemplation;
Noble in stature — august—
Utterly alone in his own ideals,
But spurred with resolution and hope.

NAN RUDEL, Matric.

WAR AND PEACE

Tick-tock! Tick-tock! The clock drowns all nocturnal distractions with its incessant ticking. I glance at it. In five minutes Tuesday will become Wednesday. Tuesday, the twenty-fifth of January, 1966, will be gone forever. Never shall we be able to live through a day exactly like this one. I shall remember this day forever. I cannot sleep.

I hear the chimes ring. Wednesday has arrived. I should be happy and welcome the new day. Do not people say that every day brings some new joy, some new experience? But for me, the thought of a new day promises only depression. I cannot sleep.

I turn over in my disordered bed and gradually become aware of a different sound in the room. Even the ticking of the clock is dulled by this increasing rumble. I start. What is it? My eyes dart eagerly around the room and eventually focus on the other bed. There my room-mate lies abiding peacefully in the land of dreams. I look at the serene expression on her face and am suddenly conscious that this tiny figure is the source of the great rumbling tremors! She snores and I quickly grow impatient. How unfair the world is! Why can she sleep while I lie awake being slowly defeated in the war against insomnia?

Perhaps I should try counting cows. My previous adventure among the sheep was short-lived. Somewhere along the path the woolly creatures became distracted and wandered aimlessly across the fields. I lost contact with them. Perhaps the cows will behave in a more orderly fashion. One, two, three - - - - -twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two. . . An enormous bear is charging towards me! (How did the bear become involved with the cows?) HELP! I am quickly brought back to reality. What time is it? One-thirty, and still I cannot sleep.

Tomorrow I have an algebra test. I must recite the enunciations to the properties which we learned. If $x+y = x+z$, then $y=x$. No, that's wrong. I can't remember. I must sleep.

Tomorrow Mademoiselle will ask us to conjugate the French verbs we did for Prep. tonight, no, I mean last night, and Miss MacLennan will ask us to recite our memory work from HENRY IV. Do I mean HENRY IV? No, I think it is HENRY VIII. Oh, I can't remember anything! I must sleep.

The room is spinning. I am on a huge roller-coaster. The travel posters on the walls are dancing like leaves on a tree during a fierce gale. I am standing on top of the Acropolis in Athens. . . A camel is carrying me across the desert sands in the Sahara. . . Someone has pushed me off the white cliffs of Dover. I am falling, falling. . .

The stillness again envelopes me and the darkness creates a soothing sensation within me. I am safe, safe in my own bed. But still I cannot sleep.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

These apologies emerge from my room-mate's bed. Perhaps she is vaguely aware that I am still awake. Her conscience may be pricking her because she sleeps so serenely while I am fighting my losing battle. I must sleep.

I have so much to do tomorrow. Many, many letters have to be answered. Prep. still has to be done. On Saturday we are going to B.C.S. Imagine the circles I shall have under my eyes! Bright red spots, commonly known as pimples, will adorn my face. I'll be completely ostracized. No one will want to look at me! I must sleep.

My gaze rests upon the window. It is snowing. The fine, powdery flakes float delicately to the ground. How peaceful the outside world appears. A single light is burning at the end of the driveway—a symbol of love and warmth. I feel confident. I can win the battle. A feeling of complete security overwhelms me, a drowsy sensation. I hear the night watchman in the hall. I snuggle down beneath the covers. The war is over. I am the victor. I can sleep . . . sleep . . . sleep.

"Let all banish business and every wordly care at bedtime, and let sleep come to a mind at peace with God and all the world.

VICKI NELSON, Matric.

A FEW THOUGHTS

I wonder. I wonder about many things — simple as songs, complex as song writers, but what I wonder about most is that petite lake purring at the foot of that lofty mountain. When I am profoundly lonely and the peacock has spread his rainbow tail over the green eyes of the mountain I wonder if the autumn's finery isn't really the discarded palette of a discouraged artist whose bright tears make the chilly waters rise.

When I am sizably hungry I wonder if the winter's snow isn't really a thick gob of marshmallow sauce poured with a heavy hand over the caramel shores, with the evergreen trees a teaspoon of food colouring dribbling down the mountain — a fat chocolate coated mint, half eaten.

When I am impressively disobedient, I wonder if the spring's colour rebellion does not really stem from its being a secret greenhouse whose negligent guard, on losing the key, breaks down the door and so lets the grass and infant flowers begin their magnificent freedom march.

When I am gruellingly tired, I wonder if summer's drowsiness isn't really a party of replete dinner guests after the last dishes have been cleared away. Can that plump little blade of grass with his round chin propped on the back of a prostrate root be the same meagre fellow I once knew? Can that fleshy little acorn brushing his tawny jacket be my old friend? Can that wrinkled rose, splattered with brown gravy be the blushing young woman I once loved? Can that yawning old lake who used to gossip so enticingly be my old chum? I wonder.

Christine Prescott, Matric.

THE MEANING OF HAPPINESS

Emerson said, "To fill the hour, that is happiness." Barrie said, "Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves." Often I ponder on the question of what the true source of happiness is, and after hours of meditation I resort to the ideas of these men. The two quotations above seem to be the closest I can find to my own interpretations of this great word. Are we ever sad while completely engrossed in some work or while giving part of ourselves to someone else?

For example, one day I spent my time most leisurely in sitting on my apartment gallery gazing at the courtyard below. I spied two children come mincing through the gate with a poodle trailing at their feet. They began to throw sticks as far as they could for the poodle to fetch. When the dog came at their command and obediently laid the stick at their feet they shrieked with glee. This was when I began to notice the great wealth of happiness which comes from the pure, unrestrained heart of a child. The children had filled the hours and in turn received joy.

I remained seated on my gallery until nightfall when I saw a young couple stroll through the same gate. Hand in hand they moved towards a bench and sat down. It seemed as though I watched their silhouettes for an eternity as they stared at the stars scintillating in a vast black sky. Yes, I thought, there before my eyes is harmony and bliss.

Happiness comes in many forms. We find it in our work, in play and in love. We see it before our eyes every day. We seek it behind closed gates and are only fulfilled if we own the key. Surely Emerson and Barrie were correct in their ideas of happiness! With Shakespeare "I wish you all the joy that you can wish."

Nan Rudel, Matric.

EARS

Ears come in all shapes and sizes, but I feel strongly that large ears are a great advantage to those who possess them. First of all, on the same basic principle as radar, a person with big ears has a larger reception area and therefore has more acute hearing than a person with average-sized ears. More sound waves reach the eardrum and because of this the person with large ears hears more and hears better. I believe that in this modern age when the emphasis is on being practical, big ears will gradually become accepted and no longer be a handicap, as they have been in our superficial society. I would not be surprised if, because sensitive hearing is such an important factor in such occupations as spying, safe-cracking, burglary etc., large ears become standard requirement when applying for such positions.

Large ears also prove useful when one wishes to attach something to the face or head. Spectacles rarely fall off the head of a person with big ears as they do off someone with inferior ears, unable to do the job they are supposed to be doing. I will bet that nurses who have big ears have a much easier time tying on their sterilized masks. Large ears, it is obvious, are becoming an asset.

If a hat is too large, you simply need to rest it on your ears and forget your worries that it might, at some embarrassing moment, slip down over your eyes. Someday, maybe, people with big ears will even be able to fly!

Brenda Peck, Matric.

ON MEMORIES

Yesterday while searching for old clothes that I had long outgrown and other such odds-and-ends, I came across my old Red River coat, and that is how I unexpectedly found an old friend again. Memories flooded back and suddenly I was six years old, walking hand in hand to school with my best friend. Our red woolen hats and mittens and our blue Red River coats made us look like twins. We were laughing and throwing snow at each other and looking forward to another day in school; then suddenly it seemed like such a long time ago.

I met her again when I found an old writing book labelled in best printing "Grade Three" I glanced through it, amused, and yet filled with nostalgia when I read the paragraph entitled "My Best Friend," and there she was again, grown a lot in the past three years, but still the same in many ways. We were inseparable; everything we did was together. Our greatest treat was sleeping at each other's houses on the weekend; we would take turns. We would always try to see who could stay awake the longest, but usally we never found out who won as sooner or later we would both fall asleep. It is strange the things you remember. . .

Then I saw her for the last time; it was at my tenth birthday party. I remember her being dressed in her best pink smock, handing me a gift, and whispering in my ear very confidentially, "Never forget me when you write in it." It was a blue leather diary, the kind that had "Five Years" engraved in gold on the front. I remember being so happy. How strange that I should find this diary five years later, the pages blank, the memories not written down, and she so long forgotten. . . We parted the following year, destined never to climb the stairway from childhood to adolescence together. We took separate roads, roads that as yet have not crossed each other.

I look back upon those six years that I knew her with a feeling of happiness, and sometimes of regret. They are only memories now, as is my friend. Perhaps it is better that we parted when we did because now she is as much a part of the past as is the coat, the book, and the diary. If by chance we should meet again today it would be like meeting a stranger, a stranger that I once knew so well.

Now as I near another stairway that I must climb, the stairway marked "Adulthood," for a moment I pause and turn back into the past, to the safe haven of loved memories, and wonder if I shall still remember her in twenty years as a little girl in a pink party dress.

CHRISTINE IVERSEN, Matric.

FOUR WISHES

I wish I held a flower in my hand—
A soft yellow bud
Smooth as a velvet cap
Resting on a sinuous stem.

I wish I had a raindrop on my cheek—
The cool fresh water
Glistening like dew
On a peach.

I wish I had some music in my heart—
Vibrant, yet romantic
As soothing as
A little bird's rejoicings.

I wish I knew a soul that I might touch—
As soft and kind
As Nature
On a rosy misty morning.

SUSAN CADMAN, Matric.

FRUSTRATION

One thing that truly frustrates me above all else is people who expect you to be gay, witty, charming, full of smiles and intelligent conversation, willing to work quietly and conscientiously even when your world is in the greatest state of calamity.

Absolutely nothing can be more aggravating than to walk into a classroom and find that the teacher in a calm, sweet, typically indifferent voice is asking you to write a composition from scratch. She acts as if this were the perfectly natural thing to do after having just come from blowing up the Lab. and being nearly asphixiated with sulphur dioxide. It does not matter, of course, that you broke four brand new test tubes, spilled hydrochloric acid all over your partner's coat because you were so upset about that hour-long Latin test you had failed earlier that morning. You are still pondering over the fact that you simply could not remember what the future passive subjunctive of "to destroy" was. No, it is not enough that your whole morning was a catastrophe, but now this teacher, completely oblivious of the fact that you are about to throw all of your books off your desk, pull out every last hair and scream at the top of your lungs "ENOUGH" wants you to sit there in a stifling-hot classroom, with the girl next to you attempting to tell you the good news that she is going to Timbuktu for Easter, and write a nice long composition about your childhood experiences. You feel your face turning red, tears begin to form,

you just cannot under any stretch of the imagination write about some foolish thing you did as a child — how boring. Sitting slumped in your chair you are deafened by the sound of pens scratching across paper.

You must start, but no, you will not give in; you must be obstinate. Suddenly you see the teacher walking down your row. Will you become afraid and in a frenzy commence to scribble furiously on a piece of paper, or will you sit there, half out of your chair, gazing first out the window then at your fingernails? It is too late to contemplate your move; she is standing over your desk glaring at that empty piece of paper. Quietly, with suppressed emotion, she asks you why you have not written anything and warns you with a reproving glance that this is "short week" and only twenty minutes remain. This is the apex, you know that one more word from the Staff and you will dissolve into hysterics. You must take action now, but you cannot help feeling sorry for yourself and the way in which your previous six classes have been nothing but monuments to your failure as a student.

Without warning the teacher, who has gone back to the desk and who you think has been busily correcting papers, absorbed in her own thoughts, rises and walks to the board and writes something in large letters above the list of the suggested composition titles. Nearing boredom you put on your glasses in order to see what she has written, although you doubt that it will be any help now. Blinking twice to make sure that you have seen the words correctly, you utter an audible sigh of relief. Your classmates, who have been engrossed in their work look up, but you do not notice, for you are too occupied writing. The words on the board read "Things that Frustrate Me."

CATHY COOK, Matric.

TREES

Take a look out of the nearest window (provided you are not in the centre of a city or prairie) and try to imagine the scene . . . without trees. Then, after you have given the matter serious thought, ask yourself this question: "Can I imagine life without trees?"

Trees have numerous practical uses; wood and all its derivatives would be an impossibility without trees. So many of today's products would have to be made of a more expensive, fragile or cumbersome material. For instance, we would still be using ivory toothpicks and writing on silk paper. Actually, without wood, we would not even be around to enjoy these meagre comforts, for Noah certainly could not have built his ark without wood. In more recent times, imagine our forefathers crossing the prairies in covered wagons made of stone. History might have been set back almost fifty years.

Then there is the tree itself. What other creation of nature foretells the changing of the seasons so effectively, donning in turn the pale young greens of spring,; the deeper, richer verdure of summer; the magnificent golds, blazing reds and sombre browns of autumn; the white, frosty blanket of winter?

Let us again think of spring in a slightly more specific way. April and May, the months of new life, new love, of couples walking down country lanes, of hearts carved on a . . . and there you stop short. It would not seem quite as romantic, to the aesthetically minded if to no other, to have initials on a parking meter or on a lamp post. Think now of summer; the hot sun is burning brightly, but you are nice and cool under the shade of . . . the new table umbrella you just bought from the hardware store? But even an umbrella cannot rustle in the breeze. What a drab season autumn would be without its vivid colours and then, of course, there is winter. Wouldn't you find Christmas just a little bit empty if you could not have a tree? There would be no aromatic fragrance in that special corner of the living-room, no tree to decorate, to put presents under. There would be no tree unless, that is, you consider the "luxurious" creations of pink, silver, blue and gold aluminium worthy substitutes.

The next time you pick up a book, open a door, walk through a forest or jump into a pile of leaves, stop and reflect a moment about the tree's use, but most of all about its beauty. After you have thought for a while, perhaps you will agree with Joyce Kilmer who said,

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree."

SHEILA REID, Matric.

CREAM OR SUGAR?

The charm of it was that we were allowed to go all alone. These very special afternoons were a rarity. My friend and I were invited to have tea with a retired Canon and his wife.

At noon I reminded my friend.

"Heather, I'll meet you by your door after school."

At four o'clock we skipped and hopped and ran, our smocked dresses swishing with much energy

until we reached the big white front door. We tiptoed up the stairs, bouncing with anticipation of the door being swung open. The door always was opened by "Her," too. Mrs. Brewin always wore a certain silver locket about her neck. In harmony with it a faint aroma of violet drifted about her.

Upon entering the hallway we said very formally, "How do you do?" and I always nudged Heather, my junior by two years, to curtsy. The curios on the hall table drew our attention and admiration. The Canon waited for us in the library. He turned his wheel chair away from his desk and came forward to meet us. We chattered excitedly about school. Presently he told us that his house — the very one we were in — had once been a school and that he used to attend it. He pointed to the windows, which were high up in the wall, and explained that they were there so little boys could not look out. He showed us a faded photograph of his class standing right where we were then. Of course Heather and I went into hysterics about the trousers. Mrs. Brewin appeared and said that tea was ready.

She and Heather were discussing china patterns when Canon Brewin asked, "What dreams did you dream last night, my dear?"

No, I had not dreamed anything last night or the night before or even the night before that.

"What did you dream last night?" I questioned him.

"Nothing. I don't usually dream at all any more."

"But I do," burst in Heather. "Last night I dreamed that I was being chased by a great big bad dog and I couldn't run! My legs were standing still, and I was running and he was running — I mean I was tyring to run — but he did not catch me because I woke up. Do you think if I had kept on sleeping he would have caught me?"

Tea passed too quickly. We ate an enormous number of chocolate brownies — a special treat. The late afternoon sun slanted through the windows. We knew it was time to go, but we spun out the time by singing two songs to our host and hostess.

The Canon gave us many grave warnings about being good — very, very good, and we left.

I do not remember coming home.

VICTORIA RORKE, Matric.

BARS

"Hark! What is this you say? A bar? Another bar?" I querried, I, the frustrated Frenchman. My companion said to me, "Let's go to the bar."

"O.K." I said, wondering what I was in for now. Once seated at the counter I said to my friend, "Where's the bar?"

With disdain came the response, "You're in it!"

I thought it best to say no more, but continued to puzzle it in my mind.

"What do you do for a job?" I asked him, tyring to be congenial.

"I will soon be called to the bar as a lawyer," he replied.

"The bar?"I pondered a moment hesitantly; I came forth, "but why do you need a lawyer here?"

"I mean a lawyer in the court!" muttered my friend in exasperation which was only half of what mine was. I dared speak no more that evening lest I should encounter another bar.

The next day I joined a cruise in a sailboat. We got stuck. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"We are stranded on a sandbar," replied a neighbour.

"Oh no!" I exclaimed in amazement. "Not another bar, and under water!"

By the expression on my neighbour's face I thought it time to be silent again.

Another adventure led me into the entertainment field — the field of ballet, music, and . . . more bars!

"Oh! feel the rhythm of that bar of music!" Whispered my lady-friend, enthusiastically.

"Oh, no! This is too much!" I rasped after just recuperating from the ballet bar. "If I see or hear of another bar, I think I'll go crazy," I mumbled, while my head was spinning with bars, bars, and more bars.

Her tender voice penetrated my dizzy brain with, "Don't do that cheri or they will put you behind bars!"

The next day I returned to France!

GRETCHEN GURNEY, Matric.

MON BUT DANS LA VIE

Plus tard, lorsque j'aurai terminé mes études à l'université, je voudrais être journaliste. Oui, c'est mon rêve d'exercer cette profession, car cela me passionne d'écrire. J'aime beaucoup les langues étrangères donc, si je choisis le journalisme pour carrière, j'aurai l'occasion de me servir de mes connaissances d'espagnol et de français; de plus, il est fort probable qu'on m'enverra à l'étranger pour faire des reportages. Il me plairait énormément de visiter de nombreux pays et de faire la connaissance de personnes de nationalité différente.

Je m'intéresse surtout à cette carrière depuis l'été dernier, époque où j'ai eu l'occasion de travailler pour le seul journal anglais existant au Vénézuela: **"The Caracas Daily Journal."** J'ai été choisie pour représenter une société de la jeunesse appelée: "The Caracas Youth Council." C'est moi qui ai écrit tous les articles de publicité pour cette société. Je l'ai fait d'une façon enthousiaste, essayant d'attirer les autres jeunes gens et les invitant à faire partie de cette société. Cette position m'a plu beaucoup; écrire pour ce journal était facile pour moi parce que j'avais tant de choses à dire au sujet de notre groupe. J'ai fait aussi de la publicité pour un "Talent Show" de la jeunesse, séance récréative organisée pour nous-mêmes. Ce spectacle eut beaucoup de succès et fut fort applaudi. Ce soir-là, au théâtre, il ne restait pas une seule place — quatre cents personnes y assistèrent. Quel triomphe!

Depuis cette expérience de l'été dernier, je m'intéresse encore d'avantage au journalisme. Cette profession m'attire de plus en plus, c'est pourquoi je désire travailler avec ardeur pour atteindre mon but. Il faut que je lise beaucoup et suive des cours à l'université pour bien me préparer. Je sais que je dois travailler énormément mais cela ne me fait rien. Je suis résolue à développer mon peu de talent pour réussir et pour faire plaisir aux lecteurs. Qui sait! Il est possible qu'un jour vous lisiez quelque article écrit par moi — j'espère qu'il vous plaira.

KATHY MACKAY, Matric.

OUR RETREAT

Where we are most We
Together, a class . . . laughing,
Talking, relaxing, forgetting,
Remember.

I

September it started with Satisfaction,
A Summer Song reviving memories
As we were back at school,
And loving "Shay." Being Matrics
That's where we were with Help
We're on the Eve of Destruction.
Peanut butter, the smell of nice hot toast
After brisk autumn walks, cheering at soccer games
Remember.

II

Then the snow slowly piled up outside,
And the Rolling Stones were in Montreal
While we stayed in "Shay" and worried for all
The Christmas exams with Homer Don't
Come in. (I did) Our place for watching
As Tears Go By. Or celebrating with the Letter,
Relieving the burden outside of being you—
Where inside we are most We
In Chez Nous.
Remember.

III

After Christmas vacation we filled the room
With gaiety, ski boots, wild memories, Rubber Souls,
And splashed colouful posters on the walls,
Then collapsed on a chair (with a ski pole there)
In flew Fin-à-Go-Go, Jeanie and Zorba the Greek,
People buried in the Gazette, or SAT books, with My Love
And Let's Hang On. We sure did. The World is
Waiting for '66. When we started for kicks
Our California Dreamin', and a second place cake
Said we are the future generation.
Remember.

IV

Now Spring is here, and so are we
For The Last Time. With our exams,
Time Won't Let Me in Chez Nous.
But stop . . . look around . . . for ahead
Here it comes, a long journey—
On the way to being a Woman.
A wide world waiting, and we look ahead
Eagerly, earnestly, light-hearted and gay
Our minds fresh and free
Eyes sparkling, and so sincere
Remember.

V

Homeward Bound is a new life almost,
No village, but supermarkets, cooking,
College seminars, football games, sunrises,
More friends, and travel with the Adventure
Since we're the finished products off to go
Back to the seaside, the cities, not up the Farm Hill
It's time to show we know how to say Yes
(10 times)
The meaning of Thank You. And so much more
You taught us. It seems unreal, no longer
Reading out the Duties, or House Games
Instead — the Future, flowered formals, thick novels,
A demi-tasse of coffee, brothers, sisters and babies.

Goodbye Chez Nous — have fun next year
Where we are most We,
Together, a class . . . laughing,
Talking, relaxing, forgetting,
Remember.

KATHY MACKAY, Matric.

THINGS WE'LL NEVER FORGET

Dips in Moe's River — "No girls, we've never done Type I" — Wilson's Whiskers — "Gaudeamus Igitur" — Choking in Geometry class — Mackay's "California or bust!" — "What planet are you from?" — "There will be no more B.C.S. Phone-calls" — Morgan's stuyding lists — Jerk lessons in "Chez" — Prescott's new glasses — Tassy and Woody — Birdman — "Qué Pasa?" — The night everyone cried after the movie — Yukapoo — Drucie's drugstore — Mi fili — The science building — "We gotta get out of this place!" — "Oxygen, girls! We need more oxygen!" — George — Beatlebaum — Bugeyes — The sugar-shack — Louise's famous diet — Mrs. Horn — B.C.S. Sundays — The bus catching on fire — Our end-of-term apple-juice parties — "Little One" — "Let's hear it for. . .!" — "Today" — Sheila's contacts — Earnie — "It's the 28th or never!" — Eraser throwing in Physics class — Wise and Kenny — "Wolverton Mountain" — "Shut up, Bonnar" — Clinton at the racetrack — "All my love, Arthur" — Peter Sharp and his gum — Chemistry exams — Oranges at soccer games — Jeanie's wedling — Miss Keyzer's birthday cake — fly-paper — "Will the Group please sit down" — Rudel's three-carrot ring — Russel's raids — Edie Glucose — nine-mile hikes — wine-skins — "This time tomorrow" — Insomnia — Miguel — Hot Dogs at Hillcrest — "Let's go bug Jerry — Rosie Luke's naturally curly hair — Nelson and "John" — Ice-cream sandwiches — Snow-ball fights before Latin class — "Don't look now, but there's cellophane" — "Only twenty-nine more pieces of Cicero to do, girls, and so for the McGill exam" — Tuesday morning letters — "It's a 'special' kind" — "The Pub" — Only 1020 more hours — Batman is coming — The week Williams House gave up — The new phone — The "Please-don't-cut-their-hair petition" — The exam after the "Invitation" — Last minute cramming — And of course, the World is waiting for the class of '66.

THE MATRICS.

VI A

HELP WANTED

"Fire!" The word paralyzed our hearts. "Fire!" The word rang clear as a bullet through the woods. A moment later I joined the hordes of people who swarmed from every conceivable direction.

It had been such a dry summer that the fire index had been perilously high. We lived in daily fear that our summer homes might be taken from us. The long row of cottages made a continuous line that edged around the beach. On a clear day I could stand on the beach and see the faint outlines of the Gaspé peninsula directly on the opposite side of the Baie de Chaleur. The woods were situated immediately behind the cottages. Now, in the summer of 1965, what we had all dreaded came to pass. The fire was confirmed. The sky which had once been so clear was now polluted with a black smoke that stung my eyes. The fire was roaring in the woods. To make matters worse, the wind was blowing straight onto the cottages and unless it changed, would bring the fire with it.

I can remember thinking how everyone and everything seemed to change in the face of danger. We had been coming to this beach ever since I had been born. It had never occurred to me that anything could change this, and yet, it could very easily happen if this fiery furnace was not extinguished.

I could hear my mother on the telephone. She was speaking to the man in charge of the nearest fire pumper. Since we were quite a long distance from the nearest town, the firemen who were nearby were volunteers. My mother was trying to make this man understand that he and his pumper were needed desperately. He repeatedly told her that he had to go to work at the mill in town and if he did not leave now, he would be late and not receive his pay. Mother and I could not believe our ears. Does a person really consider his day's pay more important than helping a fellow man in distress? I never dreamed that people could actually act like that. Here was the living proof.

My thoughts were in a turmoil as I rushed down to the beach. Women and children of every age had joined together to make a chain from the beach to the woods. Buckets of water were passed along as fast as arms could work. Because it was low tide, the chain had to be even longer. Friends and foes

worked together. The men and boys were beating the hungry flames with anything available. I saw one boy jump into the water and then run up to the woods and roll in a patch of brush which had just caught on fire. Everybody was working with one goal in mind. The fire must be put out.

My mother had finally reached a man in charge of a fire pumper, but it could hold only fresh water. This meant we could not refill it if necessary. In spite of this, the news of the coming help gave us a new hope. Somehow we knew that we could save what we loved. With this feeling, we worked harder than before. The pumper finally arrived. Fortunately it held an abundant supply of water. With the combined effort of the pumper and the human chain, the flames were soon under control. Our homes were safe.

From then on we kept a guard that patrolled the woods at night. We knew that if we were ever endangered by fire again we would not hesitate to help each other. The fire had taught me and the others a very valuable lesson. If people are going to accomplish anything they must work together. After that summer whenever anyone hesitates about helping another person, I always think of the man in charge of the first pumper and how he would not help us to save our homes and maybe even our lives.

DEBBIE THOMPSON, VI A.

MOONDROPS

Moondrops, falling from the sky;
They fall in silent pools
And sleepy little streams;
They drift from leaf to leaf,
And float in darkened lakes.
Silver drops that do perfect
The perfume of the night.
The nymphs their hair adorn
With tiny little moondrops.
These moondrops form a wine
Whose heady fires can cause a thought
To reach a height n'er touched before.
The moondrops fall on spiders' webs,
And illumine every strand,
Outshining any diamond
And rivalling the stars —
Moondrops — radiance and light.

JANE BOWEN, VI A.

THE LAST DAY

When people ask me, "Do you remember him?" I cannot truthfully answer, "Yes."

Memories come crowding back through a hazy mist, somewhat like a dream that you cannot quite remember. That cold day in January I will never forget.

It was on a week-end. That morning we had got up in high spirits. Father had said that if it was a nice day we could go down to the frozen river and spend the day on the ice. It was a beautiful day. We packed our lunch with the help of Mother, who did not care to go, and piled into the car. Our gay contingent consisted of my father, my brother, my sister, myself and the family dog, Nicki.

When we got to the river there were already figures darting around on the ice, their shouts of joy filling the air. Skates were hurriedly taken out of the trunk and put on. Soon we too had joined in the revelries. Nicki at the first was hesitant about venturing out onto the slippery ice, but with a little shove he skidded over to Sis, scrambled to his feet, and bounded after us as we skated down the river. Since the ice was thick enough to hold the little Volkswagon, Father rigged up a small aluminum boat behind her and we went flying off in our makeshift ice boat. After this my father challenged us to races, which he always seemed to lose because of a fall or some other legitimate excuse. What fun he was and how good to us!

The weather suddenly changed. The wind became biting and the sun disappeared behind the black clouds. My sister had already left for home with some friends. It got dark very quickly, and Father decided that he had better go with me quickly to my grandparents', where I was spending the night, or we would be caught in the midst of the storm. However, the snow was already coming down heavily before we arrived at the house. Finally we got there and I grabbed my bag and ran hurriedly into the warmth of the cottage. The car pulled out into the road, a tiny black spot in a white world. The storm got steadily worse and snow changed to driving sleet.

My mother arrived at my grandparents', with my sister, several hours later. I do not think I shall ever again see such fear imprinted on a person's face as there was on the face of my dear mother. How could I help? No one told me what was happening. "A small accident," my grandfather said, after Grandmother and Mother had gone, "but your father and your brother are in good hands."

Thus reassured, my sister went to bed. My grandfather was desperately trying to get through to the hospital and find out new occurrences. Suddenly a horrible thought struck me. Nicki! Where was Nicki, our beloved little dog? I ran into the bedroom and pulled at Grandfather's sleeve, but he was almost through to the hospital and gently pushed me away.

"Well, I care about my dog!" I fumed. "I will ask about him."

With this I ran into the kitchen and picked up the extension receiver. I was so furious that at first my pounding heart would not let me hear clearly. Then I hear, "We did all we could. Was he your son-in-law?"

"Yes, he was Doctor."

"I'm so sorry, Sir."

The receiver clattered onto the desk. Dumbly I walked to the window and stood staring out into the black night. Unbelieving, I stood. It had stopped snowing.

ROBIN MARSHALL, VI A.

FATHER AND SON

We lived on a farm in Eastern Ontario, just the four of us: Dad, Mother, Jeff and I. Nothing very exciting ever happened there, though Dad liked to talk about historic times when, he said, fierce Indians had roamed the country and attacked the settlers, stealing their animals. I loved to think of these days for I was a very imaginative child and enjoyed stories. I loved to dream that Jeff and I had captured some of these roaming Indians and were made famous. Of course this was very far-fetched, but girls of nine often have wild ideas.

One day at dinner Dad told us that he was going to the cattle fair at Dalkeith and he asked Jeff to come.

"No thanks, Dad," replied Jeff quietly. "There is a yellow canary in the woods and I would like to see it."

This remark annoyed Dad, who could not understand his son's love of birds or his affection for wild animals. He became really annoyed and told Jeff that he was to do all the extra chores.

"Suits me," said Jeff sulkily, and strolled out of the house hands in pockets. Dad was furious, and I felt my heart sink. Dad did not think much of Jeff. He though him a sissy because he enjoyed bird-watching more than rounding up cattle. Why couldn't they get along?

"I'm going after Jeffie," I announced, but Mother caught me and told me to stay where I was.

"I have to go now," said Dad. "I'll see to the boy later. He's a fool, and I haven't any idea what he will do when he grows up." With that he left.

I wanted so much to follow Jeff and tell him I understood his feelings, but I knew I must stay and help Mother until she told me I might go out.

Finally Mother told me to "run along," and I tore out to the stable, but Jeff was not there.

"Jeffie," I called. Then I saw his tall figure walking across a field in the distance. I raced after him, but when I was about thirty feet behind I decided to follow him and not let him know I was there. He stopped and was looking around the field. Suddenly he turned and ran to the barbed-wire fence on the edge of our property. I followed wondering what he had seen. Then I saw. Old Mack, the farm dog, was lying by the fence with blood pouring from great gashes in his side. I gasped and Jeff turned sharply.

"Come," he said. "We must get a stretcher and take him back."

I hardly know what happened during the next hour or so, but finally I found myself sitting on the sofa with Mum beside me. Jeff had cleaned the wounds and Mack was lying by the fire sleeping, and was breathing regularly. We were expecting Dad home any time. I wondered what he would think.

The door opened and Dad appeared.

"Well, I suppose you had a good day watching birds?" he remarked sarcastically.

Jeff stood up.

"No, Sir," he replied, and Dad now saw Mack.

"What has happened?" he asked anxiously, for Mack was his favourite.

Jeff explained, and I saw Dad's expression change from disgust to pride as he examined the animal.

"Good work, Son!" he exclaimed, patting Jeff on the shoulder and smiling. "You may make a good vet. some day."

Jeff grinned, and I saw tears in Mother's eyes.

BARBARA CAMPBELL, VI A.

IF PEOPLE. . .

If people lived
For someone else,
If people lived
With kindness,
If people lived
In happiness,
If people lived
With laughter,
If people lived
With hearts of joy,
Would hardship really matter?

MARGO MAGEE, VI A.

I HAD A ROOM

When I was young I had a room
Wherein did dwell a thousand spawns
Of childhood's pagan mind.
Whenever I awoke a fairy stood
And splashed in puddles of the sun;
And before she disappeared
I surely saw her smile at me.
A giant lurked beneath my bed;
And many times at night
A hairy paw would reach from out
To grab my feet as I came near,
But I could always hop upon it
Before my feet were in his hands.
Sometimes my dolls would dance at night,
And was I not the smallest bit afraid
That I might stay awake and hear their song
And have my fears confirmed?
For I loved them best inanimate.
My furry little animals would look on me
With eyes which were the houses of unhappiness,
Until I took them into bed with me,
And almost put me out to give them room.
For they could be so cold
Lying on a draughty floor in winter
Despite their lovely fur.
I was told that God lived everywhere.
This is a secret — but was I not annoyed
That He should always dwell with me
In my own room — and I should have to share?
Sometimes I lay in lovely fear
On Christmas Eve; for Santa Claus,
Though very nice, scared me just a mite.
And how I quaked to think I might wake up
To see a rabbit jump around the room
In dead of night at Easter time!
There was a gentle voice that whispered in my ear;
When overcome by childish grief — I wept.
Many gentle hands would come
To soothe my tired, hot face
After many a weary, wearing day.
There came a hundred joyful little creatures
To play with me and laugh with me,
When I felt all alone.
The giant and the fairy
Have moved away long since;
But they kindly left their shadows
To waft around my eyes,
And see that I will never lonely be
In the room that once was mine.

JANE BOWEN, VI A.

PAIRED OFF

I think that every member of the school dreads being "paired-off" at a school dance. For days in advance you worry about what you are going to say, but usually you forget all you had memorized and this is how it generally turns out.

GIRL: I'm so sorry; I'm afraid I didn't quite catch your name.
BOY: Oh!
GIRL: Well, what is it?
BOY: Anthony. Anthony Paul Peabody.
GIRL: Oh!

Pause

GIRL: Well now, how long have you been going to Stanstead?
BOY: I go to **B.C.S.**
GIRL: (Aside) It figures! (To the Boy) I'm sorry, I get so mixed up; your crests look so much the same.
BOY: They don't look at all the same.
GIRL: Oh, I guess not.

Pause (They enter the gym.)

GIRL: Do you like the decorations?
BOY: They're O.K.
GIRL: Our Form did them this year.
BOY: That's all right. They're still O.K.

Pause (The music begins, but the Boy just stands gazing into space)

GIRL: The music's quite catchy, isn't it?
BOY: Yup!
GIRL: It kind of makes you feel like dancing, doesn't it?
BOY: I guess so.
GIRL: Look, are you going to ask me to dance, or do I ask you?
BOY: Well, why didn't you tell me you wanted to dance?
GIRL: I'm sorry.

Pause (They shuffle onto the dance floor and start to sway from side to side, the boy "crunching" the girl's toes with every sway)

BOY: What did you say your name was?
GIRL: Nelda — Nelda Gazorke.
BOY: Oh!
GIRL: You dance very well.
BOY: Do you think so?
GIRL: Oh yes, **terribly** well!
BOY: Well, actually, my Auntie Ethel taught me

Pause (The music ends and they walk back to the sidelines. The Boy resumes his gazing into space. The Girl makes one last effort.)

GIRL: Which end of the bath tub do you sit in, the drain end or the other end?

BOY: I beg your pardon?

GIRL: I said, "Which end of the bath tub do you sit in?"

BOY: Well, as a matter of fact I sit in the end opposite the drain.

GIRL: Really? What a coincidence! I sit in the very same end!

BOY: Amazing!

GIRL: Well, now that we've found something in common I feel so much better. I thought this dance would be terrible, but now I'm beginning to enjoy it.

BOY: Yah, so am I. I can't wait to write Mater and tell her. Would you like to dance again?

GIRL: Oh Anthony! (Sigh) I'd love to!

(As our typical King's Hall Girl and B.C.S. Boy begin to mingle with the happy throng we know that this is the beginning of a typical King's Hall - B.C.S. romance.)

JEANIE PATON, VI A.

AN UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT

"Oh darling, I'm so excited. I just can't wait for the ship to leave," exclaimed Mrs. Harrison. "Are you sure that the luggage will arrive before we do?"

"Yes, dear," responded Mr. Harrison, for he too was looking forward to this trip.

It was to be a second honeymoon, since they had now been married two years and had not had a long vacation. He had also worked hard in Canada and needed a rest badly. Sometimes he wished that his job were more stable so they could settle down somewhere. They were now bound for England on "The Margaret," where they would stay for three years, because their superiors had decided that their bank needed a representative in London. Their furniture and all that they owned had been sent ahead on the freighter, "The Latvia." His wife had even sent her best mink coat and worn her old one! Meanwhile they were to enjoy their trip.

The days passed quickly. The weather was perfect and they had made many friends. Soon they would sight land and leave the ship.

"Thomas, look at that sea gull. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes, my dear, he is. You know I feel as though this wonderful trip were only a dream. Why, we shall arrive in London the day after tomorrow!"

"Isn't that funny! I was thinking the same thing. Still, it will be nice to feel firm ground under our feet."

Her husband seemed on the point of saying something, but refrained.

Mrs. Harrison looked at him.

"What is it, dear?"

"We-l-l, it's nothing really. It's just that I. . . Everything is too perfect. You see last night I woke up feeling that something was wrong." He faltered and looked at her.

"Yes? So did I!" she put in excitedly. "But what could possibly happen?"

Just then one of their friends came up and asked if they wanted to play bridge. They agreed and pretty soon forgot all about their conversation, or at least they seemed to have forgotten it, but it always remained in the backs of their minds.

The last two days passed and they were once again on the deck waiting impatiently for their first glimpse of the harbour.

"I do feel a bit sad about leaving our new friends and the captain. They were all so nice to us and I enjoyed knowing some other bridge fanatics!"

"Mrs. Morrison told me yesterday that she was going to miss our games and I agreed with her, but I must say that I can't wait to see Mother and Father!" she answered. "Oh Thomas, just think. The last time that we saw them we were leaving for our honeymoon!"

He looked at her glowing face and kissed her impulsively. Then, as they approached London, they stood together watching for her parents.

"Look, Thomas, there is Mother! No, silly, over there. See! Father is standing beside her. Oh, don't they look well!"

"It is great to be home again," he asserted rather calmly, feeling that it was not proper for him to be as excited as she was.

As soon as their papers had been examined, they went to the shipping warehouse where they learned that their luggage had not yet arrived.

"But it was supposed to arrive a week ago!" exclaimed Mr. Harrison.

The man asked, "In what ship did your possessions come, sir?"

"Why, "The Latvia," of course!"

The clerk's eyes filled with concern. "I'm sorry, sir, but the Latvia never made it. You see she sank."

KAREN WESTHOFF, VI A.

THE JUMP

The day was sunny and bright; the air was crisp and clear. Each time you took a deep breath, your lungs felt as if they would burst with the freshness of it, but with a kind of greed you gulped it down, again and again, until your whole body felt exhilarated. The snow was a downy blanket laid carefully over the earth's lush greenness to protect it from winter's icy breath. It was a perfect day for ski jumping.

I was one of the first to arrive, for I knew how the people of the surrounding villages would swarm to the hill, and I had a special reason for being there. Each town had a representative. Usually it was a local boy who had been trained by a member of the older generation, an old man who had been good "in his day." With each of these boys lay the town-peoples' hope of winning the big silver-plated trophy to put in their local inn, and brag about to visitors.

As the hours passed swiftly by, the area roped off for the spectators was rapidly filled to overflowing. Toes were stepped on and sides were elbowed, but the loud "Be careful's" were shouted in a tone of joviality rather than severity. The truck at last arrived with its load of cheerful young boys and their precious skis. They were greeted with cheers from the crowd as they piled out, laughing and talking in voices steeped with excitement. As they were climbing the hill many of the boys looked back and waved to a certain friend or relative, who sped them on with shouts of encouragement.

Finally they were all assembled at the top. The announcer boomed out the name of the first entry and the crowd became as silent as death except for a few rasped whispers. My heart pounded as I looked up the long ski jump, glittering in the sunlight like a splendid, flawless sheet of diamond. The tininess of the figure at the top, that figure known so well to me, seemed to accentuate the length and height of the jump. My breath seemed to stick in my throat. All eyes were fixed, expectant, on that figure. He paused, then gave a sudden heave forward and came speeding down the jump, knees bent and body curled tightly around them. As he hit the bottom of the jump his skis gave a final swish and he suddenly straightened, uncoiling like a spring — potential energy come alive. He soared like an eagle, streamlined and majestic. The people sucked in their breath at the beauty of his flight. As graceful as his flight was his descent. He landed in a flurry of snow, giving his jump a crown of glory. A tumultuous burst of applause greeted him and the old teacher strode forward to grasp his prodigy by the hand. A tremendous jump! Pride welled up inside me as I ran forward to congratulate the hero of the moment. There would be many more jumps, but I knew I would never feel the same excitement surge through my body. Neither would my son, for this was his first and greatest jump. A triumph!

ROBIN MARSHALL, VI A.

ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS

One night not long ago as I sat alone at home, a sudden quirk, or strange desire of human nature, came upon me. There was a raging wind outside and this made my solitude even more evident. I was not completely alone, however, as Syb, our lovely Collie, was lying at my feet and her presence made me feel a little better.

Looking outside our living-room window at the trees being tugged and swayed by the wind I had an overwhelming desire to be out among the straining pines and clanking street lights — closer to nature and God than was possible inside. I felt as though something were urging me, and that I had to go. Syb seemed to understand and waited patiently at the door while I put on a light coat. As I stepped onto the doorstep a cold blast of air greeted me, and my mind filled with doubt, but I again felt the urge to leave the artificial shelter of the building and stand out in the storm.

I walked across the lawn and down a short flight of steps to the road. Looking back at the dimly-lighted house I had an inner satisfaction at having left cover and gone out into the open. The wind tore persistently at my coat and blew strongly in my face, filling me with an indescribable feeling of joy and freedom. I felt Syb's warm body leaning heavily against my legs and her expressive nose lying lightly in my hand, showing her quiet contentment.

Turning away from the driveway I walked slowly along the deserted road. The cottages on either side were dark and very lonely looking. As I neared the top of a knoll the wind became fiercer and seemed to want to hurl me along with it. Dark ominous clouds filled the sky and the trees whistled and snapped in the harsh gale. I almost turned back in fear, but Syb kept walking, her soft coat whipping in the cold wind. She paused and looked back to where I stood, waiting for me to follow. My attention was focussed on her quiet, patient face. Her expression implored me to continue.

Suddenly all existence around us seemed to cease and Syb and I stood together in a beautiful silence. My fear was gone and all noise and harshness had somehow disappeared. I felt completely content and sensed God's dominant presence. No longer did I feel the wind tugging at my coat or the bitter cold hitting my body. I seemed to know that nothing was going to happen to me because God did not want to hurt us. He was protecting me — and I was safe. I reached the top of the hill and turned right, along the avenue. Darkness greeted me, but I no longer feared it. I wanted to be in darkness in body because my spirit felt enlightened.

As I walked slowly along the street I asked myself what person I would like to be able to talk to right then. If I could have anyone walking quietly beside me, who would it be? Names such as Winston Churchill and John Kennedy crossed my mind first, but they faded and others replaced them — Abraham Lincolm, Helen Keller, Professor Alexander Graham Bell, Florence Nightingale; these all entered my thoughts. These were all famous people well-known for their knowledge, their integrity, their sincerity — but — none of these satisfied my feelings. I needed someone else, someone of whom I could ask anything and to whom I could tell anything and everything. Again Helen Keller came to mind. She stuck out in my thoughts more persistently than the others.

Then it came to me. The person I had been looking for was with me whenever I needed him and he was much closer than I could ever have imagined. I had been searching for someone who was always there and I had not even realized who he was.

The wind was gentle now and the air was warmer. A bright new moon was beginning to show itself from behind a disappearing cloud. The trees swayed peacefully, making a low contented sighing.

As we entered the house I saw the car was back in the driveway and Dad was home. I paused at the window. Inside I saw him reading in his favourite chair before the fireplace. Never before had I noticed how much he resembled the picture in my mind's eye of the most wonderful person I knew. I opened the door and walked in after Syb.

"So you're both back. Did you have a nice walk? It must have been a little chilly. I guess a walk every once in a while would do us all some good."

It was good to be back again, and I would never forget it.

GINNY CALL, VI A.

SOLITUDE

The place is on the seaside rocks
Each morning where I tread.
One gull to another mocks
While soaring overhead.
The time is not quite dawn,
The moon has not yet gone,
And all the world seems dead.

DAPHNE ARCHIBALD, VI A.

A HAND-TO-HAND ENCOUNTER

Did you ever engage in a hand-to-hand encounter with a revolving door? My first experience with one is something I am not likely to forget. The door with which I had the misfortune to grapple was guarding the entrance to the public library. I came up the steps with my arms full of parcels, and stopped rather uncertainly before this metal-and-glass monster which was flashing around holding innocent people in its grasp and spewing them out on either side of it. I waited for a few moments, watching how other people managed it, and then boldly stepped forward as it stopped for a moment. Unfortunately someone more experienced than I stepped in from the other side at the same time and started pushing. My hand was caught, and as I yanked it free, my parcels flew into the compartment which I had been about to occupy. I felt my face turn a dull red as my parcels flew out the other side and landed at the foot of the librarian's desk. Now I was determined to defeat that malicious door. This time I stepped in without waiting for it to stop, and was promptly thrown against the glass, my hat falling over my eyes, but my blood was up. Nothing daunted, I regained my balance and started pushing vigorously. To my great consternation, nothing happened. I pushed harder. Then I heard bursts of laughter on all sides of me. I pushed my hat back and looked around confusedly, then with a growing sense of shame as I realized what I was doing. I had been pushing the wrong way! My face now a bright scarlet, I turned round, pushed my way into the library, collected my parcels from the grinning librarian, and hid myself and my incompetence behind the farthest shelf of books I could find.

PAULINE ROBERTS, VI A

SOUNDS

— The guns blast
— The church bell rings
— The sirens squeal
What do they mean?
Must we interpret the call?
Who makes the call?
Is it God? Is it Mankind?
Silence is loud,
It too rings,
Interrupted only by a trespasser.
Who is the trespasser?
Is it the youth of today,
The ones who sing freedom songs?
Is it the doctors,
The ones who heal the ill?
Is it a new-born baby sleeping?
Is it a man at worship?
I think the trespasser is death!

Jill Rankin, VI A.

FROM MINUTE TO MINUTE

The soft purring of a motor car—
The cool wind rushing past the open top—
A carefree feeling!

The sound as the car accelerates—
An oncoming car is seen—
Tension!

A chilling sensation dominates—
The screeching of wheels, the swaying of the vehicle—
Panic!

The tumultous sound of collision—
The flashing red flames—
Death.

Jennifer Byers, VI A.

VI B

WOMEN

The true story which I am going to tell you is a perfect example of typical women. Mrs. Craib, head of the C.L.G.U. was nominated last week to hold a luncheon for the President. Well, the day came and Mrs. Craib had just prepared a fresh salmon soufflé for the ladies. It was ready a little before the guests had finished their drinks, so she took it out of the oven and set it on the kitchen table.

When everyone had finished she called them into the dining-room and then left to bring in the soufflé, but to her dismay, when she went into the kitchen she found the cat sitting on the table eating the salmon. She grabbed the cat, whacked him, and set him outside! Then suddenly she realized that that was all she had to serve the ten hungry women. She became frantic. What was she going to do? After some hard thinking she decided to cover the top of the soufflé with parsley and act as if nothing had happened.

She took the meal into the dining-room, rather frightened at first that someone would notice it, but everything went fine. They loved the salmon and all came back for "seconds."

After the main course was finished, Mrs. Craib started to clean the dishes and get the dessert ready. While in the kitchen she happened to glance out the window and what met her eyes but her cat lying dead in the middle of the road. Many thoughts rushed through her mind, the most important was, what she was going to tell the ladies — That she had deceived them and that they would have food poisoning? What would that do to her reputation?

Finally she realized it had to be done. She slowly walked into the room and explained the situation to them. Four ladies were rushed to the hospital to have their stomachs pumped out and six others were put to bed complaining of great pain.

That night Mrs. Craib received a phone call from her next door neighbour, Mrs. Seybold. What bursts of laughter were let out by Mrs. Craib when Mrs. Seybold said, "Mrs. Craib, I am sorry about the death of your cat. My car hit him as he was crossing the road. . ."

Margot Wilson, VI B.

FROM A LITTLE BOY

Dear God:

I'd like to say I'm sorry
For lots of things I've done
I snitched a piece of candy
And disobeyed my Mum.

I shovelled lots of snow
And buried Jane in it;
To school did I not go
And father took a fit.

These are some examples
Of sins I did commit;
I could give you lots more samples
But you'd think not much of it.

There's something I'd like to ask you
Between us both, you know,
Did you ever do anything like that
Many years ago?

VICKY BUCHANAN, VI B.

WAITING

The sun came up, illuminating the entire countryside with its unbelievable brightness and bathing everything in its warmth and splendour. The mist which had been lying thick over the woods was burnt away, but the heaviness suspended over the entire land added a smell of damp earth and absolute freshness.

Every animal was alert. My mare stood straight with ears pricked and head cocked to one side. The hounds were crying in mournful tones, pawing at their cages, begging to be let out, and even the lazy cat prowled slyly off — belly to the ground.

With a quick turn of the latch the hounds were out, screeching their joy and turning the newly swept barnyard into a shambles. Each tendon and muscle of every horse was strained to bursting and every human head was up and waiting.

The very slightest movement of his left leg, a swift gesture of his right hand and the remarkable man in the red coat was yards ahead — horn to mouth — blowing a mellow enchanting sound which made the ecstatic hounds halt, turn, and reluctantly follow. All was suddenly a mass of flaying hoofs and nervous whinnies. The overpowering trance was broken and within seconds horse and hound had disappeared in a cloud of dust.

NORA COOK, VI B.

THE COUNTERFEIT DIME

The cash register till was cold at night. I lay there shivering until finally Rita, an old American dime, gave me an agonizing kick in the shins.

"How could you be so cruel?" I cried.

"You deserve it," she retorted. "The nerve you younger generation have. Imagine keeping an exhausted old lady up all night! If you're smart, you'll go to sleep, and soon!"

I tried to sleep, but I was now too upset even to close my eyelids. "Did Rita know I was counterfeit? Surely not. She was such a gossip-bag. Oh well, the secret would have to be known some day. It may as well be now as later," I thought.

Finally I heard a click as the store door was unlocked and opened. A few minutes later we were taken out and counted.

"Seems to balance all right," the old man muttered. "Ah, and here comes old George."

Again the shop door clicked. A man who looked quite friendly entered.

"Hi, Will," he greeted the old man. "Mighty lot of snow out there. Must be at least three feet. Did your milk supply come through?"

The old man mumbled something and went to the back of the store and returned with two quarts.

As George reached into his pocket to find his wallet, he thanked Will and handed him a bill. I watched as Will's hand came down over the dime compartment.

"Would I be chosen as part of the change?" I wondered.

Sure enough, his hand slowly closed over me. Soon I was in the pocket of my new owner.

When we got home, he pulled me out of his pocket and handed me to a beautiful woman, along with the rest of his change.

"Here Honey," he said, "Darlene will probably want some money today. This should do her."

Soon I was in the woman's warm apron pocket. After such a cold, restless night, I was quite tired, so I fell into a dreamy sleep. The next thing I knew, I was on top of a snow bank, and practically frozen. Darlene was searching everywhere for me. I called to her, but she did not hear me, for it had begun to drift and the wind was noisy. Then I realized something strange. I was no longer cold. I looked about me, but could not find my snow bank anywhere.

"Are you lost?" asked a gentle voice behind me.

"No, but my snowbank is gone," I replied, not turning around.

"Snowbank?" asked the voice. "There are no snowbanks in Coin Heaven."

CECILY PORTER, VI B.

BIZARRE

As you walk you will see
What you wish to be there;
A heather-clad hilltop will loom up before you.
Imagine its existence. . .
And there it will be.
A long dust caravan led by some Gypsies —
They are vagabonds,
Ruffians,
Imagine them. . .
If you dare.
A turbulent sea
With a sun setting on it—
A sight very clear
Just in your mind's eye.
But—
There you are on an empty street diamond—
People wonder at you,
But you stare right back.
You smile;
For you picture the slopes, and
The sunsets,
And caravans,
And they cannot see these things—
Only—
You.

NORAH CARTER, VI B.

EXPERIENCE WITH HYPNOTISM

Last year, my friends and I ventured down on a snowy evening to the Capital theatre in Montreal to attend a show of hypnotism performed by a famous hypnotist named Raveen.

We arrived just before the first show and he announced that anyone who wished to be hypnotized was to come up on stage. A few of my friends and I went up, along with many unknown people. First he gave us all a little test to discover which people could be hypnotized easily and quickly before the audience. I was one of seventeen people chosen.

Raveen asked the audience to keep still so as not to distract the participants, and he began. Most of the lights were turned off, just leaving a few dim lights above the stage. His soft voice came clearly to everyone as he asked us to lie back on our chairs and to think of nothing, but to concentrate on what he said.

It was an eerie feeling, listening to his voice repeating . . . repeating until there was not a thing distracting my attention. Was I really being hypnotized, or was I imagining it?

I must have fallen off to sleep, a very deep sleep, for when I awoke I was on the other side of the room, the lights were out and people were laughing. I could not believe that I had been hypnotized except for the fact that I felt thoroughly relaxed and yet vivacious.

When I came down from the stage and met my friends, I was told that I had played hop-scotch up and down the theatre aisles. At intermission he had awakened me and told me to go back to my seat, but when a certain piece of music was played, it would lure me back to the stage. I did not believe my friends, but was told that when the music was played I immediately returned to the stage and started dancing.

It is amazing what happened to me and it is hard to believe. My friends still laugh and joke with me about such an unusual experience, which I will never forget.

PAMELA WILSON, VI B.

AN EVENING IN SUMMER

As I slowly walk
Along the lonely beach
Not a one
Can e'er disturb my thoughts.
And I feel the sand
Soothe my aching feet,
And I delight at its touch.
The warmth of the setting sun
Leaves traces of a warm and humid day;
It bids farewell to the sleepy earth,
And its only answer comes
From the dying wind
With its lazy sigh.
The water now is resting.
It no longer fiercely
Beats against the helpless shore,
But rather its tender kiss
Gently bears out
Its grief to say good-bye
To the parting day.
And I — a lonely form
Against the elegance
Of a red-gold sky —
Can almost see
The busy creatures at their nest,
And oh, what joy it is
To capture nature at its best!
But as time moves ever onward
So do its prisoners,
And a longing for home
Compels me to leave once more
This place of never-forgotten dreams —
A place where one's thoughts
Can play with the beauty
Of nature eternal.
As I slowly walk away
I know deep within my heart
That for a few precious moments
This — this wild and ever-changing thing —
This was mine.

JANIE AYLWARD, VI B.

MY FAVOURITE ROOM

The house was cold and dreary from the outside; I was scared, this being my first job, but once inside I felt comfortable and relaxed.

I was led to a small parlour and left on my own. As I looked about I saw what a quaint little parlour this was. The smell of freshly-baked bread scented the whole room. The roaring fire, lighting the bright room, brought brilliance to the waxed floor, and the scrubbed pots and pans hanging on the cream-coloured wall sparkled. The white frills bordering the red curtains, let through the strong rays of the sun.

The kettle on the old Franklin stove was singing a merry song, and the golden-brown cat was snoozing on the hooked mat in front of the fire. Everything seemed so peaceful, so cheerful and bright. From then on I knew I would feel relaxed and at home working in such a cosy little room.

Lea Aitken, VI B.

A SILENT BATTLE

I sat there on the shore
Watching the waves,
The water rose — far above me
The tide came in . . . slowly
The waves retreated
Taking things with them
The sand; the shells; the beings;
The waves came closer to me;
I backed away with fear;
Still they came closer
Until finally they overcame me
And I was carried into the seas
To become a part of the sands, the shells. . .
And the beings.

Virginia Magee, VI B.

STRANDED

Lovely day — blue skies — warm air — gulls gliding swiftly — tide's out — just a short walk — to the rocks — warm, wet sand — muddy toes — not far now — rocks ahead — everything quiet, soft, inviting — look — seals playing — jumping, bobbing, ducking — sea lapping softly just below — sun set — golden sky — silver sea — red, orange, now purple sun — must be late — supper soon — good-bye seals — quickly — up across the sand — but wait — water high — sand gone — alone — just rock, seals and I — stranded.

Fiona St. Clair, VI B.

V A

THROUGH A CHILD'S EYE

A new family moved into the neighbourhood yesterday. The new girl is very different. She seems very strange. She is terribly shy and always goes off by herself. I don't know why she is so different, but it can't be because she is shy. Mary Williams is shy, but lots of people like her. No one seems to like the new girl, though. I wonder why?. Cathy Barton says she isn't as good as the rest of us. She says that the new girl and all her family are different from us. I wonder why?. She doesn't seem different. I know she likes strawberries. Now, what is so strange about that? I like strawberries very much. They are my favourite fruit. She brought chicken sandwiches for lunch, too. She seemed very lonely, sitting by herself on the edge of the bench. I wanted to go and talk to her, but Cathy said I shouldn't.

I wonder why she is so strange? I wish I knew why none of us like her. Maybe it is because she is a negro and her skin is black. No, that can't be it. Why should that make any difference? Just because her skin is a different colour, doesn't mean anthing. No! I don't care what Cathy says. Tomorrow I'm going to make friends with the new girl. Tomorrow I'm going to share my strawberries with her, half for me and half for her.

Rhona Halpern, V A.

THE FIRE

I have a passion for fires, and one morning as I walked downstairs a spark of light caught the corner of my eye. A fire was burning brightly in the library fireplace. The screen acted like prison walls, trapping it from the freedom it desired. Its quiet grate was of no use to it.

I walked calmly over to it, reached for a poker, laid the screen gently on the rug and rolled a flaming log onto the carpet. Suddenly a spirit of flame surged upward. It spread! It attacked the furniture. Its arms tightened as it demolished the cellophane-covered lamp shade, which withered helplessly away. It obliterated everything in sight.

The atmosphere had been quiet and undisturbed except for the licking noise of the flames, but then I heard the loud whining cry of the white truck. It became louder and louder. It reached its peak.

Arms seized me; people chattered; panic spread, but I was tired. I slept.

Cyndy Gilbride, V A.

CAUGHT IN AN UNDERTOW

One sunny day when the surf was up some friends and I went body-surfing. We were having a "fabulous" time, riding the waves in, swimming out, and then riding the waves back in again. All the time we had in mind certain rules such as, "Keep your head up at all times", "Make sure no one is in front of or behind you," and above all, "Watch the wave you are about to take." Some people who fail to follow this rule suffer the consequences of getting stung by a man-o-war or getting covered with slimy jelly-fish (which strike most people as harmful, but they couldn't be more harmless!) Sometimes people get bitten by certain fish such as needlefish, which are long slender fish whose bite feels like a hypodermic needle. Or they may meet a hungry barracuda which has been hunting for a good meal, but miscalculated the distance and direction of the school of minnows he has been chasing for so long, and finds he has caught the wrong fish, i.e. — someone's foot!

One day, about mid-afternoon we were having the most exciting time! I turned around and saw a huge wave coming up to a break. It looked such a wonderful challenge that I decided to try it. It was so tremendous that I forgot to keep my head up. When the wave hit, it left me stranded in its deadly undertow. I was so startled that I lost my head and panicked. I couldn't get a footing on the bottom, so I was tossed and tumbled like a button in a washing machine. It was a horrible feeling! I was sure I would never see another living thing again. Since there was nothing else I could do, I prayed. I prayed harder than I had ever done before, and by some miracle I got a footing on the soft, rippled sand that covered the bottom and pushed off with all the strength I had left. With my lungs nearly bursting, and my head throbbing, I finally reached the surface and I caught a wave that carried me into shore. I crawled out of the water and flopped myself down on the hot sand. I was never so glad to be alive as I was then.

Helen McGraw, V A.

THE VIEW FROM OUR HOUSE

Last August we moved from our old fieldstone house to a completely new kind of residence. We used to live on the mountain in Montreal and we faced an oval and other old residential homes. Now we live in the centre of action. This home is a penthouse where eight of us enjoy the fantastic sights of the city. We are eleven floors above the street and we can see for miles! In the daytime I can see all the skyscrapers shining in the sunlight and the river in the distance with the sounds and sights of large ships. Across the river are green fields and dark mountains protruding into the sky. When I look up I often see light, candy-fluff-like clouds. These move slowly and beautifully across the very blue sky. Sometimes planes make a path and I can almost hear a voice calling me to travel with them. Then when I look down, the atmosphere has completely changed. I lean down over the railing to see all sorts of queer things. I see people rushing about and cars speeding and dogs being walked along.

In the evening the scene is again different. I look across and see bright and colourful lights everywhere. The buildings are lit up, signs are flashing and it is all one big mass of colour. Across the river it is all dark, except for a few black shadows from the mountains behind. When I look up all I can see is a star-sprinkled sky. It looks like a black curtain dotted with pin points. When I look down I meet with continuous bustle and excitement. All I can see are bright car lights and other colours flying by. This gives me the feeling of comfort and not of loneliness.

Margot Graham, V A.

THE WANDERING GHOST

Mary sat up in bed, startled. She was sure she had heard something which had woken her up. Mary looked around the room, but saw nothing. But wait! The floor was creaking. There was something or someone walking along the hall. As whoever it was drew nearer Mary got scared, but she grabbed her umbrella and stared at the door; something white moved by it. She could not see what it was, it seemed to be all white, as if it were a ghost, but no, that was impossible. What could it be? Whatever it was, it was going down the stairs. Mary crept out of bed and went to the top of the stairs and to the kitchen door. Now she could see it clearly in the moonlight. It was a figure, all dressed in white, creeping around the kitchen. Mary could not see its face because it had its back towards her, so she slid up behind it and was just about to hit it on the head when it turned around. To Mary's surprise she saw the familiar face of her sister Pam. What could she be doing down here in the middle of the night?

But then Mary realized that Pam's eyes were shut; she was sleepwalking. Mary quietly led her back to her room and then woke her up and told her what had happened. Pam certainly was surprised, but was glad that Mary had woken her up. The next day the doctor came and gave Pam some special pills. They certainly worked, for Mary never had to capture any more ghosts.

Jane Meagher, V A.

AS THE SEASONS CHANGE

At home I have a magnificent view out of my large bedroom windows. They face different ways so when you look out of one you admire the tall trees, the stream and the busy grey squirrels gathering their nuts and the cottontail rabbit in search of food. Out of the other there can be seen about twenty-five feet of woods, then a large red-brick house with a green roof. During winter the trees are white with a bit of brown and it is like a fairyland with the snow blowing and glistening with the wind. During the fall the wood bed is covered with a thick coating of wet mouldy leaves and the stream, from lack of rain, is beginning to vanish into the ground. During the summer months looking out you cannot see through the woods as the leaves are so numerous and large. Usually the stream is dried up and the flowers have sprung up. They are tall and many are orange and horn-like. The leaves are the shape of a clover and if you were to squeeze them your hand would become itchy. Also large dogwood and trillium plants spread out their blooms and it is almost like a cultivated garden. During spring the stream is flowing briskly and little green shoots begin to rise out of the ground. The ground at this time of the year has a moist, healthy smell.

Although often I have wished that a street would be built through the woods, I think I would regret it because taking a walk through here makes me feel so different, as if I were in another world.

Susan Newton, V A.

THE MUSTANG

With head held high you'll see him fly
 Over the grassy roaming plain
Never stopping, never dropping
 That beautiful small black head.
Then suddenly you'll see him stop
 Just long enough to look
Up at the sky and then to fly
 Away to the river bed.
Watch him jump into the stream
 And swim with all his might
Against the strong and running current
 And place his foot on the soft shore again.
And now he's free for ever more
 To roam his grassy plain,
Never caring, never tearing
 From the sight of man again.

Susan Clark, V A.

V B & IV A

THE CALENDAR

January's come bright and clear;
Three cheers, the New Year's here!
Get your equipment, we're off to ski!
There's still plenty of snow in February.

In March, may the luck of the Irish be with you;
Wear your shamrock. Please be sure that you do.
Was Mother surprised with the bug on the stool?
She forgot the day, it was April Fool!

What special day alights in May?
That's right! It's Victoria Day.
The days go slowly by in June
And in the end there are flowers to prune.

When July '67 has come
A hundred years in Canada's done.
Enjoy your last month of holiday
For after August school's here to stay.

Labour Day has come like a blast;
Oh September, why have you come so fast?
October is the month of spooks
Ghosts are hiding in all the nooks.

November is so dull and grey
Oh, please do hurry, Christmas Day.
Hurrah, December at last is here!
Dear Santa is coming with bags full of cheer.

Elaine Aboud, V B.

SPRING

What is spring? Spring is one of the four seasons which nature provides in some parts of the world for men. Your next question would probably be "Why is there spring?" Well, no one really knows. We just have to accept the gift of spring.

The months of spring are March, April and part of May. Think how nature works. Is it not incredible? The early part of spring is worked in such a way that flowers, plants and so forth are dormant. Then by some unbelievable and strange doing, about half way through spring everything once more comes to life, and is as fresh and new as before.

So I say if some of us had more creative minds and sometimes would think about nature's works, we would see more to fascinate us in the world.

Kerima Ahamad, V B.

THE MOUNTAIN LION

A play in three short scenes

Characters:

FONG: Chinese cook
GRANNY
MR. TRANDLE: The hunter

Scene 1. The Banff National Park,
The River Bank

FONG: (Walking along swinging his fishing pole) Oh, what a lovely day! I ya bet I get two fishes. De sun is shining and de sky is blue. (Fong sits down by the river and sees two deer) Ain't they lovely? (As he is sitting there one little mountain lion on pussy's feet is slipping in and out of the trees. He is a very sneaky and very thin mountain lion.)

FONG: Ah, I got myself one fish. She's a big trout, ain't she? (Fong looks out of the corner of his eye and sees the mountain lion sitting on a rock looking at him and licking its lips.)

FONG: (Very frightened) I ya! I see one mountain lion sitting there looking at me. Ain't he a skinny one? (Fong reaches for a steel bar lying in the water) I think I'll stay ya calm. (Fong walks away slowly, holding the steel bar. He gets to the path and runs like mad. Finally he arrives at the cabin.)

Scene 2. The Cabin

FONG: I ya, Missy, der is a lion mountain river sitting, eat me.

GRANNY: Fong, make some sense, please. Now you say there's a mountain lion — did you say a mountain lion — sitting by the river that ate you? Then what are you doing here if you've been eaten?

FONG: I ain't knowing.

GRANNY: The easiest solution to this is to call Mr. Trandle, the hunter. He lives in the cabin across the river.

GRANNY: (On the telephone) Mr. Trandle, there's a mountain lion, so Fong says, sitting down by the river. Would you mind coming over and seeing it, please?

(Granny tries to calm Fong.)

(Five minutes later)

Enter Mr. Trandle.

MR. TRANDLE: You say there's a mountain lion down by the river? Well, that's impossible. There aren't any mountain lions for two hundred miles, unless — (He is interrupted by Fong)

FONG: But I seen it! I seen it, I tell you. I did.

(Mr. Trandle begins to laugh)

MR. TRANDLE: Come along, Fong. I know what you saw.

Scene 3. (Five minutes later)
The River Bank

FONG: Get ere gun out! Der it is!

MR. TRANDLE: Why Betsy, you naughty girl; you got out of your cage again. Why Fong, that's my pet. She's a tame mountain lion.

(Granny faints.)

Curtain.

JANE MARCUSE, V B.

THE SOUNDS IN THE CLASSROOM

In a hard-working classroom one can always hear a variety of sounds. The white chalk sweeps quickly over the blackboard, making the shapes of different letters which, when read, tell what is for Prep. The door opens with a slight creak to admit someone who has come in late from break. The sounds of people breathing, wondering if they will finish their assignment in the given time; the clock ticking merrily on the shelf showing the time on its face; the scratch of pens writing in books — all these sounds and many more come to the ears of anyone who is listening instead of working.

JANE TAYLOR, V B.

NIGHT

At night I look out of my window and see the round, shiny moon staring at me. Oh, how lovely it looks to see the dark, deep sky with all the bright lights! Sometimes it is a windy night and the trees' shadows look creepy as they move. I look and look and all I can see is a dark, dark sky. Oh how beautiful it is at night!

PAMELA GREY, V B.

OUR CAT

The breed of our cat is a Himalayan. He was crossed between a Persian and a Siamese generations and generations back. He looks like a Siamese with a long coat, but Himalayans have the Persian temperament instead of the Siamese.

When they are born they are a creamy white colour. When this cat was born he was half dead, so we left him with his mother and she brought him back to life again.

We named him Freddy and he is as lively as can be. He catches mice and moles, but does not kill them. He just plays with them. My brother calls him mountain lion, because of this.

Now he has been in "Life Magazine" with our big Scottish Deerhound. Freddy is as big and fat as ever.

DEEDEE LAURIE, IV A.

NATURE

Nature is a pretty thing.
It is when the birds do sing.
All the flowers begin to bloom
And bells ring out a merry tune.

The frogs are on the lily pads,
And the tadpoles with their dads.

The sun is shining way up high;
The birds are flying though the sky.
And everyone is happy and gay,
Because it is such a glorious day!

SARAH JERVIS-READ, IV A.

THE CHARMED HAT

Once there was a little lady named Mrs. Hatting, who lived in the village of Hat, on Hat Street, in the County of Hatting. Of course, by now you must know that she was a hat maker.

One day she made an especially pretty hat. It was made of green felt, with gold trimmings around the brim, and with flowers. Now . . . it might sound funny to you, but in those days it was the county of Hatter's style.

The next day she put her hat in her "Show Case." An hour later a very highly respected woman, Mrs. Humble-Dumble, the Countess of Humble-Dumble, came into the shop. She soon saw the hat and wanted to try it on. She liked it and bought it, but little did she know (Mrs. Hatting didn't either) that it was charmed.

When the Countess put it on she was terribly charitable and gave money out to Mrs. Hatting, but as soon as she took it off she took the money all back.

Now she is highly dignified and charitable because . . . of that hat. "It" showed her how to be nice **all** the time . . . hat or no hat.

SALLY BUTTERWORTH, IV A.

SPRING

In every spring,
The flowers sing.
The sun comes out,
Birds fly about.
The birds will build their nests in trees,
And you will see the little bees.
The grass becomes green,
With the rain and the breeze.
When the sun shines about,
The people all shout.

DEEDEE LAURIE, IV A.

WHEN THE SUN SHINES OUT

One sunny day,
Tweedle-dum tweedle-dee,
In the month of May,
Tweedle-dum tweedle-dee,
I was sitting in a tree,
Tweedle-dum tweedle-dee,
And I saw a little bee,
Tweedle-dum tweedle-dee.

He was a nice little bee,
Tweedle-dum tweedle-dee,
Slightly bigger than a flea,
Tweedle-dum tweedle-dee,
And the flowers were enough,
Tweedle-dum tweedle-dee,
With their sweet smelling stuff,
Tweedle-dum tweedle-dee.

He had a little coat,
Tweedle-dum tweedle-dee,
Shaped slightly like a boat,
Tweedle-dum tweedle-dee,
And with that he flew away,
Tweedle-dum tweedle-dee,
And that's the end of my rhyme.

REGAN TISSHAW, IV A.

A LITTLE PUPPY DOG

One day when I was going for a walk
I met a little puppy dog who could talk.
He said, "Hello, and how-do-you-do?"
I said, "Good day and who are you?"
He said, "I am a puppy who might hunt for a bone."
I said, "Do you mind if I come along?"
He said, "Oh, no, you can come along,
Then we both can sing a little song."

CANDY MONTANO, IV A.

K. H. C. O. G. A.

REPORTS ON MEETINGS OF THE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

1965

The Spring Annual Meeting was held at the Themis Club during the first week of May, 1965. It was indeed a special occasion as we celebrated Miss Gillard's thirty-fifth anniversary at King's Hall. We changed the Annual Spring Meeting from an evening one to a luncheon, and found this to be most successful. Many old girls attended to give Miss Gillard congratulations on her anniversary with King's Hall.

In November the Old Girls' Association held the annual dinner meeting at the Montreal Badminton and Squash Club. It was a most pleasant evening with a reception first, where we all chatted with Miss Gillard and Mlle. Cailteux. It was Mlle. Cailteux's twenty-fifth anniversary year at the School and we invited her to the dinner so that we might give her, personally, our good wishes. After the dinner we presented Mlle. Cailteux with luggage which will accompany her on a visit home to France this summer. The dinner-meeting was enjoyed by all.

In the spring of 1965 we decided to have a money-raising project for the scholarship fund sponsored by the Old Girls' Association. We were most fortunate to have, for raffle, a lovely oil painting, painted by one of the Old Girls, Pam Peck. The tickets went very well. The drawing for the painting was made at the School closing in June. Miss Keyzer won the painting and was so pleased. We all felt she was a most popular winner!

The executive of the Montreal Branch for 1965-66 are: President, Mrs. David Gregory (Ann Boright); 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Nigel Thompson (Heather Rogers); 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Alec Barber (Linda Gordon); Treasurer, Mrs. Jean Claude Baudinet (Penny Pasmore); Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. M. Jones (Nona Hopper) and Recording Secretary, Mrs. Douglas Keen (Nancy Gilmore).

MARRIAGES

Janet Anne Taylor to Mr. James Cooper Wilson, May 15, 1965, in Sherbrooke, Que.

Lucinda Elizabeth Lyman to Mr. John Browning Carter, May 21, 1965, in Montreal, Que.

Janet Courtney Fry to Mr. Donald Verner Joyce, July 2, 1965, in Montreal, Que.

Gill Rowan-Legg to Mr. Jerrard Smith, July, 1965, in Halifax, N.S.

Robin Fitzgerald to Mr. Ian McAvittie, September, 1965.

Nicola Druce to Mr. Thomas Connolly, September, 1965.

Beverly Gilmour Shannon to Mr. Donald Franklin Pringle, October 2, 1965, in Montreal, Que.

Rae Sinclair MacCulloch to Mr. Roy Lecaud Heenan, October 9, 1965, in Bedford, Nova Scotia.

Jacqueline Wordern to Mr. Douglas Law, November 27, 1965.

Virginia Price to Mr. Charles R. Bell, April 15, 1966.

Jane Mitchell to Mr. Eric Molson, April 16, 1966.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon R. Ball, (Saundray Bogert) a son, born on February 15, 1966, in Toronto, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Iain Barr, (Olivia Rorke) a son, born on October 10, 1964.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean Claude Baudinet, (Penny Pasmore) a daughter, born on December 13, 1965, in Montreal, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Egerton Brown, (Margaret Ogilvie), a daughter, born on May 28th, 1965, in Montreal, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Campbell, (Sheila Williams) a son, born on August 15, 1965, in Montreal, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth G. Copeland, (May Gilby) a daughter, born on December 6, 1965, in Montreal, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Eberts, (Elizabeth Angus) a son, born on August 28, 1965, in Montreal, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Ferris, (Judy Bignell) a son, born on November 4th, 1965, in Sherbrooke, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Goodwin, (Elizabeth Napier) a daughter, born on August 12, 1965, in Montreal, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Grant, (Joan Frewin) a daughter, born on August 19, 1965, in Montreal, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. Tass Grivakes, (Lynn Weir) a daughter, born on July 21, 1965, in Montreal, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Henderson, (Lorna Murray) a daughter, born on March 2, 1966, in Montreal, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jeffrey Johnson, (Deirdre Allan) a daughter, born on March 21, 1966, in Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Keen, (Nancy Gilmour) a daughter, born on September 29th, 1965, in Montreal, Que.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Edward Kehoe, (Lois Keefler) a daughter, born on March 7, 1966, in Montreal, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. Ian Leslie, (Elizabeth Wallace) a daughter, born on May 27, 1965, in Montreal, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. David Moore, (Judy Young) a son, born on April 20th, 1965, in Sherbrooke, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. David Morrison, (Janet Henderson) a son, born on June 7, 1965, in Montreal, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nicol, (Beverley Penhale) a son, born on December 15, 1965, in Thetford Mines, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robertson (Honor MacDougall) a son, born on March 10, 1966, in Paris, France.

Mr. and Mrs. Ian Rutherford, (Jill Woods) a daughter, born on December 11, 1965, in Ottawa, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Sultzman, (Mary Fellows) a son, born on April 5th, 1966, in Drogheda, Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Todd, (Nancy Glass) a son, born on November 4, 1965, in Toronto, Ont.

The Honorable William and Mrs. Weir, (Diana MacDougall) a son, born on June 6, 1965, in Renfrewshire, Scotland.

FINANCIAL STATEMENTS

February 28, 1966

ASSETS

CASH:		
General fund	$ 1,051.02	
Scholarship fund	462.78	1,513.80
Investment interest receivable, less charges		133.35
INVESTMENTS, at cost		
General Fund		
$4,000 Loblaw Leased Properties Ltd. 5-1/2%, April 1, 1983	4,022.50	
$500 British Columbia Telephone Co., 6%, September 15, 1984	500.00	
$500 Hydro Electric Power Commission of Ontario, 5-1/2%, February 15, 1981	500.92	
$1,000 Province of Ontario, 5-1/4%, December 1, 1983	975.00	
Scholarship fund		
$2,000 Province of Ontario, 6%, November 15, 1969	2,095.00	
$1,000 Province of Ontario, 5-1/2%, August 15, 1969	1,027.50	
$2,000 B.P. Tanker Finance Co., 6-1/4%, October 1, 1985	2,030.00	
$500 Government of Canada, 4-1/2%, September 1, 1983	458.49	11,609.41
		$ 13,256.56

REPRESENTING:

General Fund:		
Balance at beginning of year	6,724.89	
Excess of income over expenditure for the year	450.48	7,175.37
Scholarship Fund:		
Balance at beginning of year	5,148.94	
Proceeds of Raffle	619.67	
Donation, Anonymous	251.50	
Bank and bond interest	211.08	
	6,231.19	
Less: Subscription to the School Building Fund	150.00	6,081.19
		$ 13,256.56

Respectfully submitted
MRS. J. C. BAUDINET,
Treasurer.
Montreal, April 18, 1966.

STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENDITURE
For the year ended February 28 1966

INCOME:		
Membership fees	$ 840.80	
Receipts — luncheons and teas, net	74.25	
Interest on bonds	330.00	
Bank and interest and exchange	13.07	1,258.12
EXPENDITURE:		
Supplies	81.89	
Gifts and Flowers	116.72	
Laura Joll prize	10.00	
Magazines	450.00	
Miscellaneous	47.58	
Postage	70.95	
Safekeeping charge	10.50	
Travelling	20.00	807.64
EXCESS OF INCOME OVER EXPENDITURE		$ 450.48

AUDITORS' REPORT

King's Hall Compton Old Girls' Association,
Montreal.

We have examined the financial records of King's Hall Compton Old Girls' Association for the year ended February 28, 1966 and the attached balance sheet as at that date of the General and Scholarship Funds of the Association and the related statement of income and expenditure for the year.

In our opinion the attached statements set forth fairly the state of the financial affairs of the Association as at February 28, 1966 and its income and expenditure for the year then ended according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Association.

CAMPBELL, SHARP, MILNE & Co.
Chartered Accountants.

Montreal, April 18, 1966.

Staff Addresses

Miss Gillard, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Mrs. E. Bagley, York Street, P.O. Box 459, East Angus, P.Q.
Bennett, Miss N. M., St. Andrew's, 22 High Street, Pembury, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, England.
Miss O. Cailteux, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Mrs. B. Carr, Woodstock, N.B.
Miss S. Coleman, Honeysuckle Lodge, Telegraph Hill, Higham, Rochester, Kent, England.
Mrs. R. Cutting, Coaticook R.R. 6, Stanstead, P.Q.
Miss G. Evans, Box 53, Sawyerville, P.Q.
Miss D. Hewson, Box 207, Lennoxville, P.Q.
Miss B. Hoult, 5225 Grand Boulevard, Montreal 29, P.Q.
Mrs. R. Jervis-Read, 54 Cutting Street, Coaticook, P.Q.
Miss G. Keyzer, 71 Thomas Road, Swampscott, Mass., U.S.A.
Mme S. Landes, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Miss C. Lecours, Box 267, Beebe, Stanstead County, P.Q.
Mrs. D. Lewes, 490 Dufferin Avenue, Sherbrooke, P.Q.
Miss L. Loader, 2 Holland Way, Broadstone, Dorset, England.
Miss M. MacDonald, 42 Fingal Road, Dingwall, Ross-shire, Scotland.
Miss F. MacLennan, 1133 Dalhousie Street, Halifax, N.S.
Miss M. Morris, 5 Gibson Avenue, Grimsby, Ont.
Miss E. Morton, 1 Murrayfield Avenue, Edinburgh 12, Scotland.
Rev. D. F. Roberts, The Rectory, Compton, P.Q.
Miss D. Stickney, R.R. No. 1, Site Box 5, East Florenceville, N.B.
Miss D. Wallace, Box 1115, Lennoxville, P.Q.
Miss T. Wheatley, 9 Linden Avenue, West Cross, Swansea, South Wales.
Mrs. E. Yarrill, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P.Q.

School Directory

E. Aboud—2270 Ainsley Crescent, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
S. Aboud—2270 Ainsley Crescent, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
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B. Andras—214 Russell Hill Road, Toronto 7, Ont.
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C. Baedeker—P.O. Box 306, North Hatley, P.Q.
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J. Bonnar—765 Upper Belmont Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
B. Booth—Hilltop Farm, Yonge St. N., R.R. 2, Aurora, Ont.
H. Booth—Hilltop Farm, Yonge St. N., R.R. 2, Aurora, Ont.
J. Bowen—50 Arlington Avenue, Montreal 6, P.Q.
V. Buchanan—650 Grosvenor Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
S. Butler—675 Avondale Avenue, Kitchener, Ont.
S. Butterworth—706 Upper Roslyn Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
J. Byers—604 Clarke Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
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S. Cadman—544 Roslyn Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
G. Call—Box 238, Knowlton, P.Q.
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B. Carnon—321 Chaplin Crescent, Apt. 610, Forest Hill, Toronto, Ont.
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S. Clark—3009 Barat Road, Montreal 6, P.Q.
J. Clarke—Brush Hill Road, Stowe, Vermont, U.S.A.
M. Conduit—281 Bessborough Drive, Toronto, Ont.
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N. Cook—11117 Waycroft Way, Rockville, Maryland, U.S.A.
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N. Doheny—18 Aberdeen Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
A. Donald—267 Sulphur Springs Road, Ancaster, Ont.
C. Dunlop—270 Terrace Berlinguet, Three Rivers, P.Q.
D. Ellson—Tandalee Farm, Knowlton, P.Q.
A. Esdaile—49 Glengowan Road, Toronto 12, Ont.
C. Finlayson—Lakeshore Drive, Rawdon, P.Q.
S. Fleming—165 Ontario Street, Apt. 919, St. Catharines, Ont.
C. Gilbride—16 Glen Edyth Place, Toronto 7, Ont.
S. Gladstone—2380 St. Louis Street, Ville St. Laurent 9, P.Q.
M. Graham—1545 McGregor Avenue, Apt. 3, Montreal 25, P.Q.
D. Grant—21 Ormsby Crescent, Toronto 7, Ont.
P. Grey—Casilla 96-D, Santiago, Chile, S.A.
M. Griffin—17 Whitney Avenue, Toronto 5, Ont.
G. Gurney—17 Windsor Avenue, Gananoque, Ont.
R. Halpern—74 McRider Avenue, Outremont, P.Q.
K. Harpur—3499 Grey Avenue, Montreal 28, P.Q.
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P. Hay—Hawthornes Farms, Prescott, Ont.
G. Hoerig—2380 MacNeil Road, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
W. Honey—Box 100, Abbottsford, P.Q.
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S. Hutchins—3455 Stanley Street, Montreal, P.Q.
G. Hutchinson—14 Beavis Terrace, New Liskeard, Ont.
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M. Jervis-Read—54 Cutting Street, Coaticook, P.Q.
S. Jervis-Read—54 Cutting Street, Coaticook, P.Q.
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B. Kirby—Champlain Towers 200, Rideau Terrace, Ottawa, Ont.
R. Kunkle—Windham Hill, S. Windham, Maine, U.S.A.
E. Kredl—40 Sunny Acres, Baie d'Urfee, P.Q.
D. Laurie—4039 Grand Blvd., Montreal 28, P.Q.
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C. MacDonald—750 Buck Street, Sherbrooke, P.Q.
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R. Page—General Delivery, Fort Churchill, Man.
G. Parke—192 Governor's Road, Dundas, Ont.
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Autographs

Exchanges

Blue and White: Walkerville Collegiate Institute, Windsor, Ont.

Bishop Strachan School Magazine: Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.

Edgehill Review: Edgehill School, Windsor, N.S.

Intra Muros: St. Clement's School, Toronto, Ont.

Lampada: Lachute High School, Lachute, Que.

Lance: St. George's School, Newport, Rhode Island, U.S.A.

Leeds Girls' High School: Leeds, England

Lower Canada College Magazine: Lower Canada College, Montreal, Que.

Ludemas: Havergal College, Toronto, Ont.

Marymount School Magazine: Marymount School, Montreal, Que.

Postcript: The North Hastings High School, Bancroft, Ont.

Samara: Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ont.

St. Andrew's College Review: St. Andrew's, Aurora, Ont.

Technical College Institute: Saskatoon, Sask.

Trafalgar Echoes: Trafalgar School, Montreal, Que.

The Alibi: Albert College, Belleville, Ont.

The Almaphalian: Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.

The Ashburian: Ashbury College School, Ottawa, Ont.

The Balmoral Hall Magazine: Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Man.

The Beaver Log: Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, Montreal, Que.

The Bishop's College School Magazine: Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.

The Blue and White: Rothesay Collegiate School, Rothesay, N.B.

The Boar: Hillfield School, Hamilton, Ont.

The Branksome Slogan: Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.

The Chronicle: The Study, Montreal, Que.

The Croftonian: Crofton House, Vancouver, B.C.

The Elevator: Belleville Collegiate Institute, Belleville, Ont.

The Green and White Review: St. Patrick High School, Sherbrooke, Que.

The Grove Chronicle: The Grove, Lakefield, Ont.

The Lyre: Lennoxville High School, Lennoxville, Que.

The Mitre: Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que.

The Pibroch: Strathallen School, Hamilton, Ont.

The Record: Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.

The St. Helen's School Magazine: St. Helen's, Dunham, Que.

The Tallow Dip: Netherwood School for Girls, Rothesay, N.B.

Autographs

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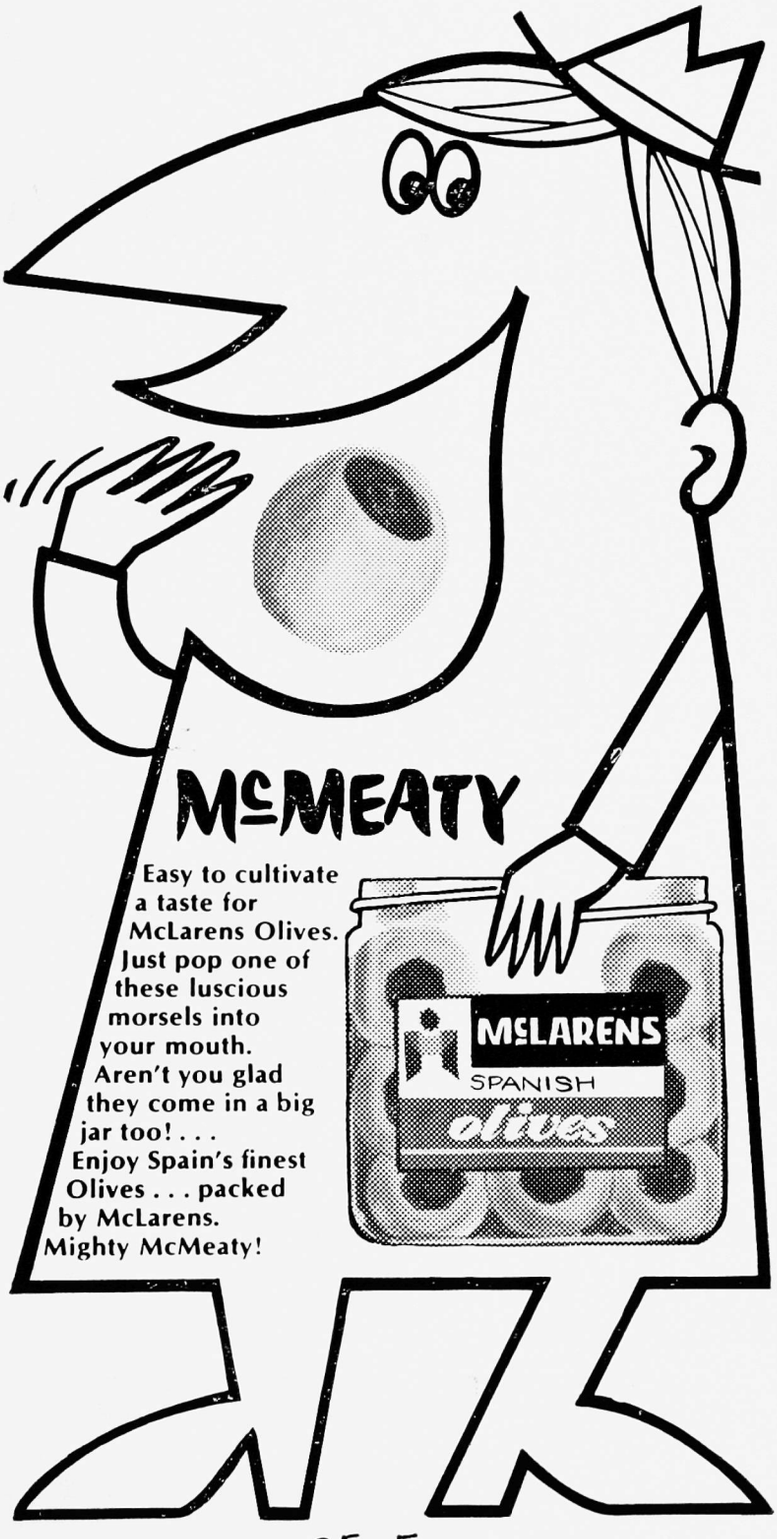
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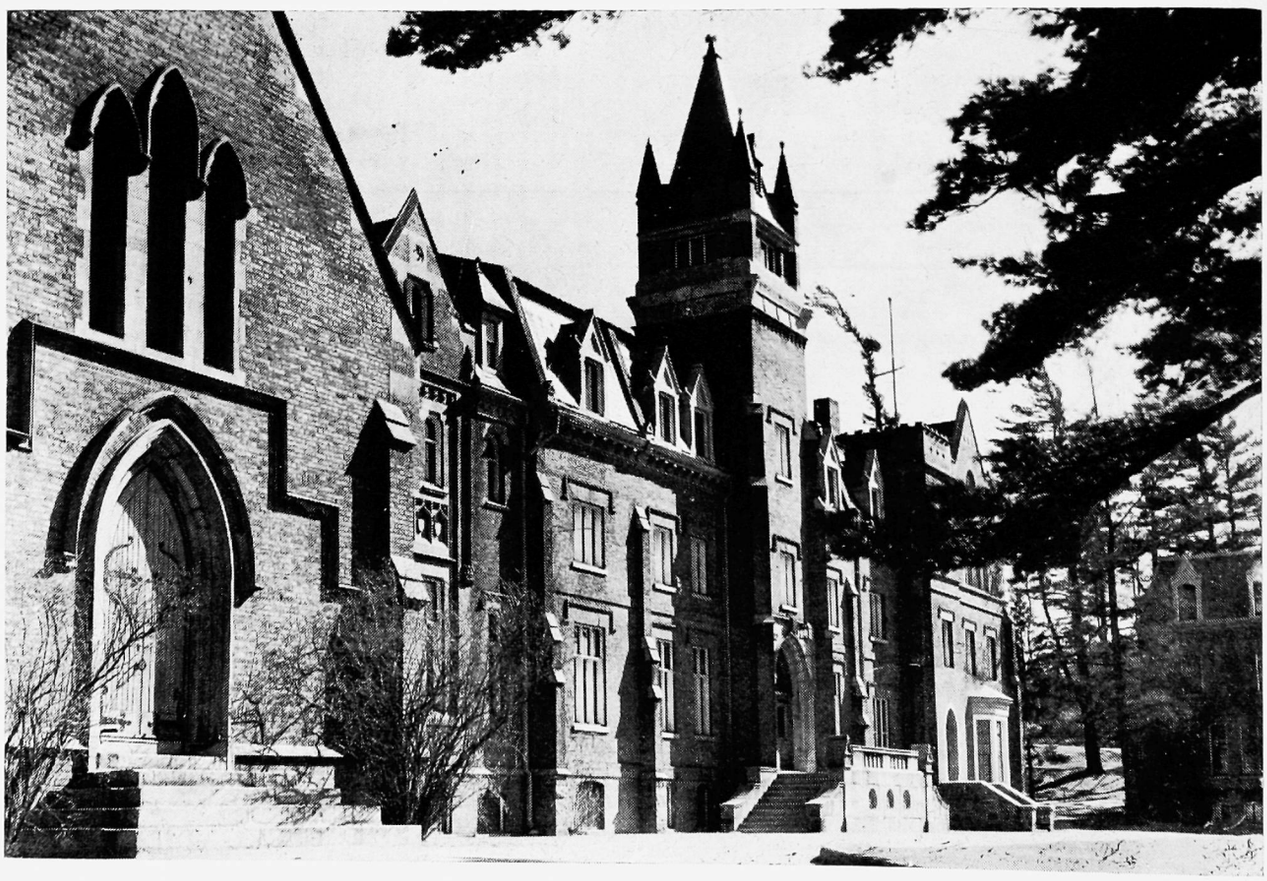
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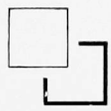
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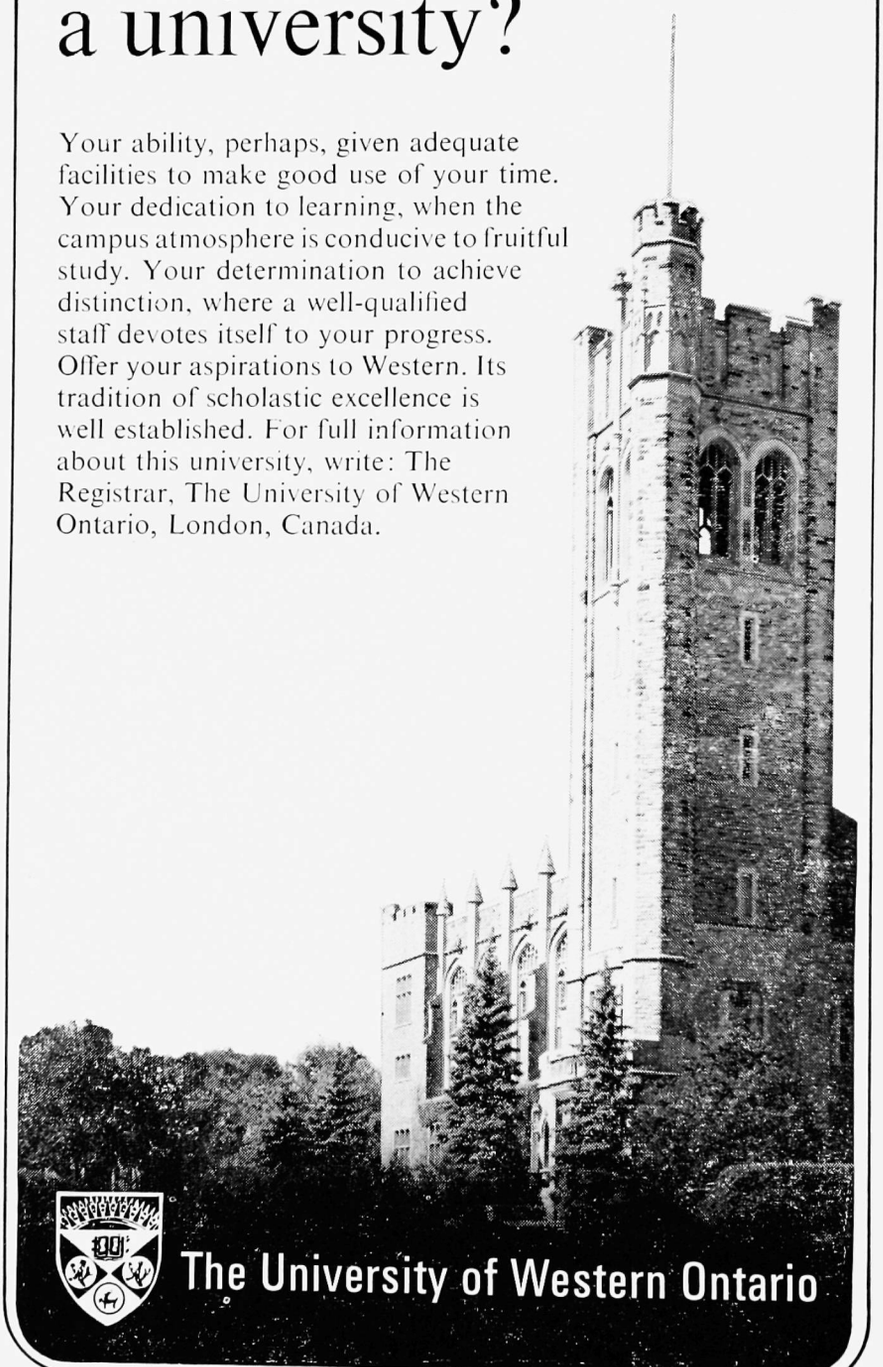
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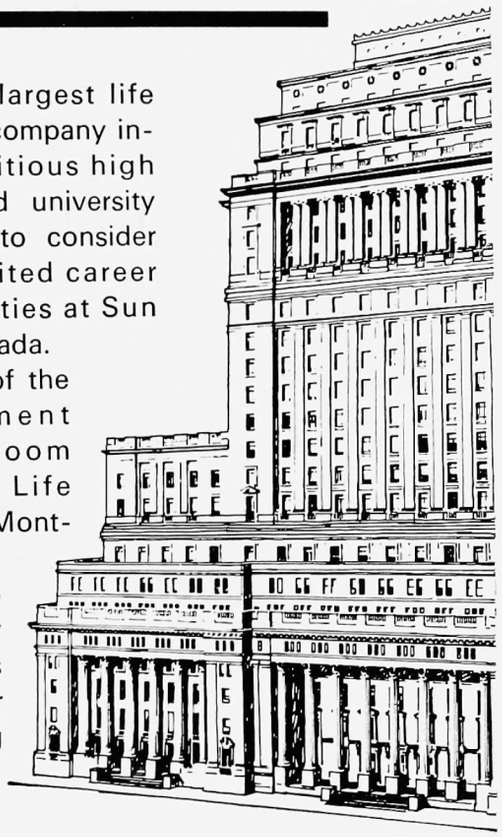
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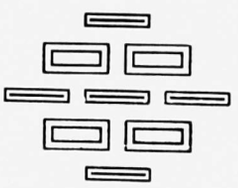
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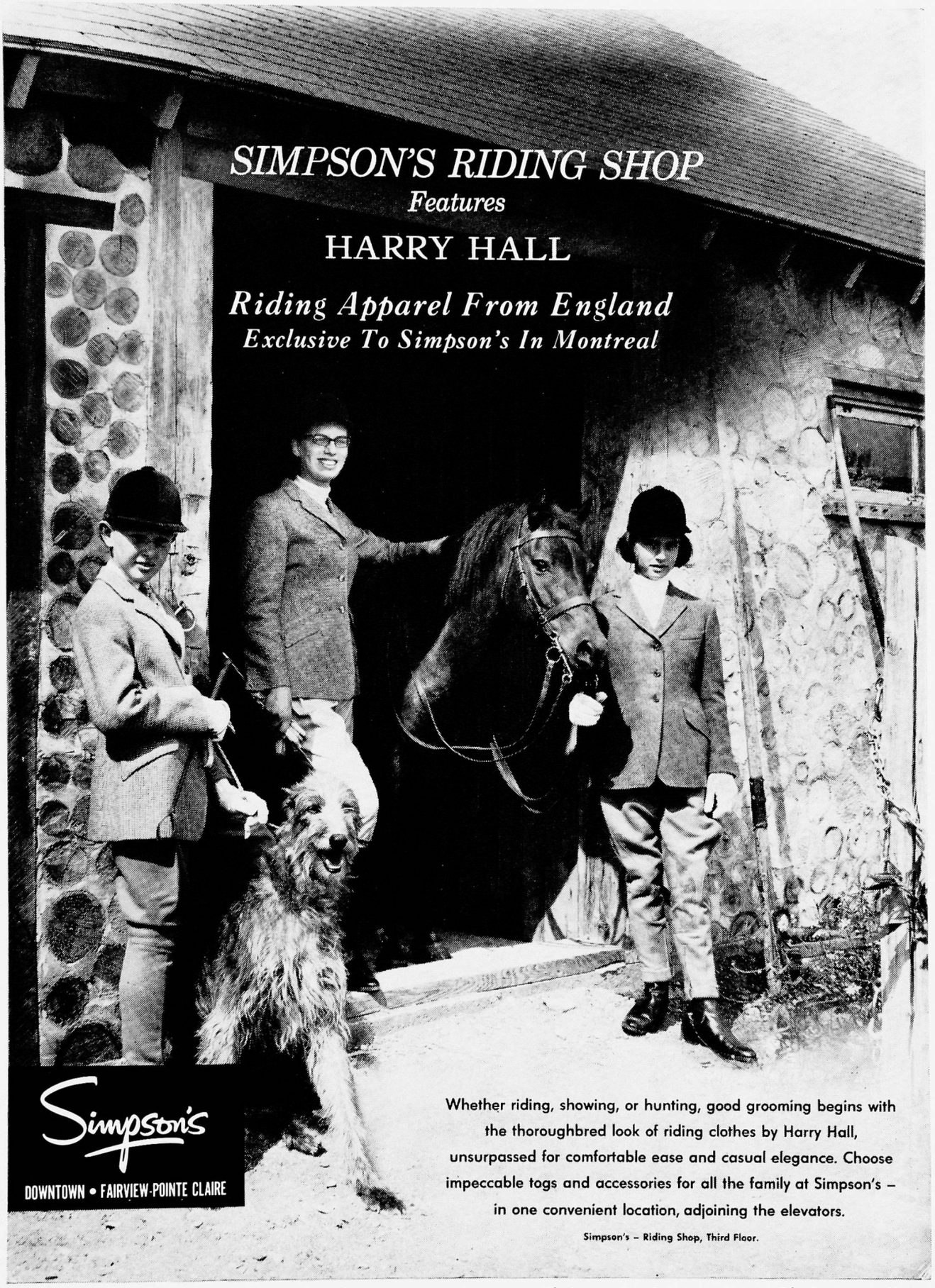
HIPPOCRENE *by AMY LOWELL*

With you I sup on singing birds,
And drink hot sunlight cooled with clouds.
Swing up, through clouds, and glide down swiftly,
Upon beds of Irises -

When you are here, we stack words, at the end of a rainbow,
and bowl at them with swans eggs,
We run races, through the long grass to old bronze temples,
Beneath marble portals, we pick daisy petals, to the
tapping of a bell.

In cedar scented parlors - - you tell me tales - -
Long slow tales, strummed lightly on a lute,
And I lie back on blue cushions,
And look through an open window, at the Sea -
All these things I do with you - Why, therefore,
Should I care to gabble with the donkey men,
Or gossip with old women who sell turkeys,
Or watch my next door neighbor, plait her hair -
Or lament the untoward price of butter -

Until you come, I will sit here, **alone,**
By an open window, and with a fine brush,
Trace pretty pictures, in the sand,
To show to you - - when you return - - .



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